

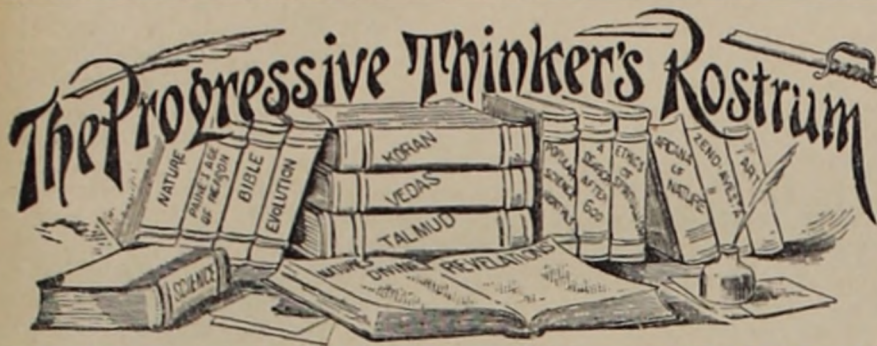
# THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

Progress, the Universal Law of Nature; Thought, the Solvent of Her Problems.

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## FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

The Steps Graphically Explained.

A Lecture in New York by  
MRS. HELEN T. J. BRIGHAM.

There are many kinds of darkness: the darkness that comes with a storm, or the darkness that gradually steals over the face of the moon or sun in an eclipse, or the darkness of the night that gives place to the beauty of the day; but it is not of these features of nature that we would speak, but rather of its counterpart existing for the spirit: the darkness of ignorance and superstition, of fear and sorrow, and just as truly as the darkness in nature gives place to the light, so truly in spiritual conditions it must fade away, and the day is always sure to come for everyone. There is no night of sorrow, ignorance or sin that can last forever. These things are transient; good alone is imperishable. Theology taught of the power of evil, and dwelt upon that with great stress of expression. Theosophy teaches that about the earth there is a wonderful astral light in which are countless forces of evil waiting to entrap and to lead souls astray, to victimize the unwary and unfortunate. But we believe in the permanence of God; that the power of the right is to be trusted, and that nothing can destroy or overwhelm it. A great poet tells us "that the evil men do lives after them; that the good is oft interred with their bones."

It is a mistake; he ought to have reversed the saying, for however you may try to make evil strong or to bolster up falsehood, it has destructive power within it, and there is nothing in the world that can perpetuate it: whereas good and truth, though assailed, though overwhelmed apparently for a time, and hidden from sight, is sure to rise at last into a glorious triumph. God is the spirit of good, and nothing can destroy the divine.

Looking back in history we find a time which is called "The Dark Ages," a period when it seemed as though all spiritual conditions were in eclipse; the time of silence in history, and we find humanity emerging from this at last, into a wonderful light, in comparison to that which preceded it.

As we look back upon religious teachings we find superstition, ignorance and bigotry walking side by side, and hand in hand, and if you could realize all the persecutions and cruelties, all the agony and injustice that have existed in the name of religion, you would be surprised at its existence. You would wonder that, in spite of all these things, the spirit of religion could hold its own and be triumphant at last. Men have exhibited toward each other the wildest spirit; they have striven to crush and to destroy, and humanity has grown in the strange, hard soil, because nothing in the world could blight it, and nothing could destroy it. But to realize the beautiful liberty we have to-day, and to find ourselves sufficiently thankful for it, we need only scan the past and present side by side, and look at the difference in stature. We need only consider what we have to-day, and place by its side what men have believed, cherished and fought for, and fought with, and thus we shall realize how beautiful is life now and rejoice accordingly.

Jesus taught the simple and natural gospel of love and of service and of doing good, and that the standards of judgment were in the soul; that men were to be judged by their motives, by their intentions—not simply by their deeds, and that the pure and undefiled religion was in the helpful service which could be rendered to humanity, and after his crucifixion, and after a little darkness, waiting and struggle, gradually, as Christianity grew in power and pride and in riches, the spiritual element in it commenced to subside; or, rather, there came a coarse growth of weeds, which rose above this best and fairest plant and quite overshadowed it; for men grew to believe in a God who had been slain to appease divine wrath, and to make human salvation possible. They believed that hell was eternal torture, and not remedial; they believed men were saved by blood. It was not through human merit, nor through individual endeavor, but through a certain belief of accepted opinions, and the belief held so strongly it seemed as though it would never be broken; and then it was that the priesthood grew and flourished, and magnificent cathedrals were completed and religious institutions spread far and wide, and men were required to go through certain formulas and to yield to religious requirements. Time sped on and the church grew stronger; but at last there came one bred in the church, taught by the church, whose soul re-

volted from the gross encouragement of superstition. He looked around him. He saw that privileges to sin were bought and sold; indulgences they were called. He saw that in the shadows of superstition people believed more in the efficacy of a bone of some dead saint than they did in the living principle of human helpfulness, of love and charity and work, and the spirit in him grew strong to protest, and taking his stand and denouncing these things, he found there were others to sustain and support him. He had grown out of the darkness into the light; it was not the broad, bright light of the noontide, but the early morning light of the reformation. Luther was the work of one who tears down the barriers of superstition that close the pathway of progress. He could disintegrate, but it was difficult for him to bring together and amalgamate those principles which ought to be given to humanity. He uttered his protests. He gave his thoughts to the world, but he did not come as a builder, though many suppose this the particular work of the great leading Protestant. And so started, at last, the Protestant Church. Its influence spread far; some of the old truisms of Catholicism were kept, and some were lost. No religious organization contains all error or all truth, and no reformer can bring all the light humanity needs. They are very apt to go too far and sweep away the whole instead of reserving the old truths, separating them from errors found in this company.

From the first church came the division and the subdivisions, the bitter recriminations and denunciations, and all that which has characterized religious strife, and through it all good has been coming to the front, for agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. It is in this friction of ideas when the flint and steel meet, that the sparks shoot out. When people agree and float along placidly together, they do not learn rapidly, but when they disagree, bring their thoughts into contact and compare them, and reason together, and even in bitter strife sometimes, the world is awakened to new perception, and humanity moves faster for this strange impetus thus given. And so we have been growing and coming out of the darkness of ancient superstition, nearer to that brighter and better day of the world. Now look around you! It is not midnight; it is not the early dawn; it is not the noontide, but it is between the dawn and the noontide. The glory of the perfect sun is not shining on us as yet. The clouds have not yet rolled away from the sky, but the day has come, and we are sure of the by-and-by, and we know that the world is moving from darkness into light.

Consider this question of religion. There was never a time when the people were as interested in the externals, doctrinal points, and in the old superstitions as to-day. There never was a time when the world was as interested in all reformatory movements as now. You will find that the spirit of all religion now is earnest and practical. Few doctrinal sermons are preached, few old ideas foisted upon the people; and the world is moving on, and now, in the light of science, philosophy, and broader religion, men are finding gladness which was not known in olden days. To compare the past with the present, you find now, instead of speaking of the efficacy of salvation by blood, they are speaking of salvation effort, salvation by service. Salvation from what? From ignorance and error and selfishness. From that narrowness and darkness which blinds, degrades and belittles humanity. Instead of calling on the dead Lord, they are teaching of the living God, and that God is love. Instead of teaching that certain beliefs are required, they are learning the laws of human life. Father, mother and child, teacher and student, the law-maker and the one who seeks to obey the law, are learning that spirit is what the world requires; not blind, ignorant faith, but the religion of integrity and wisdom.

We shall not turn our footsteps backward. We are in the days when men are free to learn of earth or heaven, and to declare the truths they have obtained. Once, if a man's opinions were investigated and tested and found incorrect, according to the church; if he was not orthodox in his sentiments, they entered into a process of persecution, removing from him his possessions, his treasures, and taking his home away from him, and even more than this. They could subject the body to tortures.

Now, inventive genius, once misdirected, turns to noble service. Men have sought to find ways to make lighter the burdens of labor; sewing machines, steam engines, and countless appliances which the world has received with delight have helped us. We have the light which makes bright and beautiful the streets by night, and all these things come from this inventive genius which is now exercised for the benefit of humanity. This same genius was used

in olden days. But how? There was a rack on which the human body was stretched and gradually extended more and more, until its joints were dislocated; and this terrible agony was supposed to do much towards changing the religious sentiments of the sufferer. Then there was the thumb-screw, a very ingenious device, a terrible contrivance for punishing sinners, and various other things, among which was an instrument of torture called the boot. The foot of the unbeliever was placed in it, and gradually, by turning the screws, little by little the bones yielded to the pressure and were crushed in unutterable agony, and thus applied to the foot of the unbeliever, it was hoped the agony of the sole of his foot might save the soul of his body, and it was deemed a Christian deed. All this cruelty and brutality was done in the name of religion, through the darkness of ignorance and narrowness and undevelopment. Thank God, these things can never come back. We don't say to you that the history of persecution belongs alone to Rome, but to Protestants as well. Read the stories of unfortunate Baptists who believed in close communion, and believed a person had to be plunged into the water to be baptized, as Jesus of Nazareth went into the river Jordan. They have their story of persecution and suffering. The Quakers also. Their fault was this: They did not regard the Sabbath as others did; they were non-resistant; they were "Friends;" and what a lovely name it was to be called by! They believed in the moving of the spirit; they were primitive Spiritualists. They believed in the inspiration of God, but their lives were not agreeable to their Christian brethren, were not approved; and so they, too, were persecuted because of their peculiar belief. When you read of the Puritans, who crossed the stormy seas to find another world—a world of religious liberty, you must remember that in this darkness of which we speak their definition of liberty was peculiar; and there are others who hold that the definition of liberty is this: The right to do as we please, and to make other people obey us, cherish our opinions, and to disregard those of others, and if they were not willing to make their opinions plastic, so much the worse for them.

But those days of shadows have gone by and there comes another time. It is a time of darkness in our history; it is like a shadow, a spot upon this sun of our American life. It was in Salem. There was a superstition beginning in a peculiar manner, and the strange belief spread. The cry of witchcraft was raised, and they searched the Scriptures to find a command to put the witches to death. They read: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and yet they forgot to read that commandment which says: "Thou shalt not kill," and so remembering this first, they put these so-called witches to death in the name of the Lord, and believed that they were doing right to rescue their children and their friends from the wiles and arts of the evil one.

Al! friends, are you not glad, are you not thankful that you were born so late, that your lives were not cast in those unpleasant places? Are you not glad that the daylight is shining over your life, and that men have a right to think and the right to speak if they can find any one to listen to them; to reach out and question and reason for themselves, and to develop the spiritual powers they may possess? These days are brightened by a better understanding, and the past can never return to you. And so it is the light is shining on us with the idea prevailing more and more of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; more and more that the pure and undefiled religion will bring us all together, Jew and Gentile, Pagan and Christian; for the pure religion is only service to humanity. No man can bring his love to God unless he brings it through the deeds he does to help his fellowmen. No man can love God and hate his neighbor, or his enemy, and with these teachings in the world, more and more the light will be shining. From the valleys and the gorges the shadows are hastening away.

In the olden days death was made the most fearful subject and the saddest that could be considered; all imaginary horrors were grouped about it. It was not simply the anguish of dying that was dwelt upon, but the horror of the future; and it was that which spread its sable gloom over death which terrified the living. They could speak of death with a smile, but of the future they had an unspoken fear they could not rid themselves of, for they said: "While there is life, there is hope." A man may repent while he is breathing, but when the heart stops and the pulse is still, hope is past. They never thought of progression after death. Only among the clustered truths and errors of the Church of Rome remained the doctrine of Purgatory—that souls could rise at last purified into the light. It is true this doctrine had been made plastic by the priesthood, and had been used for gain, still the truth breathed through it enough to bring comfort and to prevent despair for those who could understand.

How dark and terrible is the thought of the future to those who cannot see the light, who still believe that broad is the road that leads to death and thousands walk together there.

Study your old hymns your grandfathers used to sing in the churches of long ago, with the narrow hour-glass pulpits; those churches with square, uncomfortable pews. In those days they sang:

"Fixed in an eternal state,  
They have done with all below,  
We a little longer wait,  
But how little no one knows."

The prayers that were uttered, the sermons that were preached, linger still in their places in your sheltering memories, "fixed in an eternal state," but "they have done with all below." Your souls have risen out of their shadows. They have found the light of a better and broader faith.

How was death presented? Do you remember the winding sheet? Do you remember the gloomy pall? Do you remember the hymns that were sung, the cemeteries of the past and the unutterable sadness of those funeral occasions, the gloom and despair? The children in country places, when they passed the cemeteries by night, did so as rapidly as possible, and suddenly grew musical, thinking, perhaps, by whistling they could maintain their courage, so much did they fear death and everything connected with it. So sad, so dark, so repulsive was it made, that even men feared it. And so the shadow lingered, and men were afraid, and little children wept at the thought that they must die. It was a dark and gloomy subject. They spoke of the chilly witness of unresponsive death; of the dust of the grave and of the worm and of more fearful things to come afterward, hoping to bring the human soul to its ark of safety in the church.

Among some of the Pagans there are mourning garments worn by those bereaved, white and stainless; others golden tinted; but in our Christian land, where Easter is flower-crowned and the song of the resurrection sung, and religion is called "gospel," which means good news, death has been made as gloomy as possible and mourners wrapped in the blackness of midnight because they said, "Our loved ones have gone from us; they are lost; they are dead," and yet have you not thought "life and immortality was brought to light?" Why then this darkness: why this gloom; why this unutterable sadness? They have been brought to light, but there are thousands and millions who have never seen that light, yet bear the name of believers and, perhaps, honestly and earnestly think themselves to be such. But there came in the nineteenth century the blossoming of a plant that had been in the world always. Here and there it had budded before, and though the chill winds had come and untimely frost had touched its buds, it began to blossom, and far and wide it spread its influence. Men said this is Spiritualism, but what was it? It was the demonstration of life after death; it was the proof of union between the two worlds; it was the proof that affection survives the change, and that there could be communion between the living and so-called dead. This was a beautiful thing, and the news was spread far and wide. It met with misrepresentation and bitter denunciations, the severest opposition, and yet it spread, pale and gray, like the early morning light, over the hills and into the valleys, and across the Eastern seas, and lo! the day is with us and Spiritualism is here. But there never comes a morning but what in the deep gorges of the mountains shadows rest. The mouths of the caverns are as dark as midnight, but the day has come.

Spiritualism is that beautiful truth which proves communion; it welcomes investigation; it delights in the presence of the investigator; it is ready to answer questions, to place the subject before the people as we would place food for the hungry and water for the thirsty, and we would say to those who thirst: "Drink of the water of life freely;" yet in Spiritualism itself there have been placed obstacles to those who would investigate. As the barnacles cling to a ship but are not the ship, so in Spiritualism we have our barnacles.

Knowing these things, let us waken. Let us be true to ourselves. We can do nothing better for humanity than to work for it, to give to the world this pure and beautiful truth; to demonstrate it and live up to it day by day is a grand and glorious thing.

Mediumship has its existence and its use; it is the gate of communion, and yet during the time it has been in the world the false and base have existed in its name, have been shielded, while numberless apologies have been grouped about them. The greatest obstacle to the progress of Spiritualism is not from outside opposition; it is from these things that rise in our midst. Let every medium, let every Spiritualist, let every writer, every editor pledge himself to the pure and the true, and stand by truth for the sake of humanity, and victory will be ours, and we shall see that the day is with us, the glad, bright day.

Some may say: "In one medium we find a great deal that belongs to delusion and fraud, but from the same medium some truth and wonderful manifestations." Let us excuse the false and fraudulent, and accept the truth.

But if all these things are admitted, how shall we know which is truth and which falsehood, unless we most carefully investigate. And when we find the false, denounce it and say: "Better have one grain of absolute truth, pure and undefiled, than a world of this strange, mixed matter which gives us no spiritual strength. Error, falsehood and fraud are like poison. The world is asking for the bread of life. What has mediumship to offer? That bread of life? Spiritualism sets a table and invites to it the famishing and broken-hearted. Place the bread here for the people. Suppose we find a part that is utterly unworthy—a part as poisonous elements mixed with it, shall we say: 'Come, seat yourselves at this table and eat?' and if you ask us 'which is right

and which is wrong," be charitable, accept whatever comes. Poison in morals and poison in understanding—these are the things to avoid. It is better to have one crumb of pure truth than to have a whole loaf of poisoned bread. Take this truth, then, and feel that when you have it in your spirit it will give you strength to come out of the darkness into the light. In yourself, in your children, in your friends, in those you can trust there is enough of mediumship; or you can seek for it elsewhere among those who are trustworthy and will bear the test of thorough and honest investigation. Seek for this honestly, and accept it when it comes.

And what is the good of all this? Why, friends, if you can learn that others have survived the change of death, does it not follow that you will? When you think of the learning and progression in the spirit-land, delivered from dust, is there not joy and hope and blessings in this? You will learn that life is worth living. It will never end, and because good is stronger than evil it will destroy the evil if you will give it an opportunity; and when you learn these things all the world will be changed to you, and oh! the greatest and sweetest of its blessings will come to you in hours of sadness and grief.

Do you know of some place where the moonlight is falling white tonight—a place where a grave is like some fixed and stationary wave in life's sea of trouble, frozen over? Do you know a place where the dead leaves have drifted, and under that dust lies the dearest dust that held the dearest soul of all a little while ago? And do you say, "My dear one has gone out of this life; my dear one is dead?" You know at this season of the year, when all is pleasure and merry-making, when memories are like constellations in the sky—in this particular time when friends congregate and there are such happy times and loving greetings, your thoughts turn to those voices that are silent, save as they speak in the halls of memory; they turn irresistibly to the eyes that are closed in death. Dead, you say, and your memories turn lovingly to them.

What does Spiritualism say to you? If they were dead, it would indeed be night for them and for you; unbroken sleep for them, but wandering in the desolate, lonely night of care and bereavement for you. But Spiritualism says they are not dead. They have only left this house of clay—only gone from the shadows of earth into the glad thanksgiving of a better land. If, while on earth, they were unfortunate, they have found the better land where the old grow young, the weak strong, and where the poor find eternal riches. There those long parted meet again; the mother finds her child, the father finds his own. What a land it is, and what greetings are there.

When here on earth you have a new year, and you wish each other joy and happiness, will you remember that they have found a Happy New Year, whose light and gladness can never fade away. They are not in their graves. You need not fear death, nor robe yourselves in garments of gloom. Put aside the pall; let there be light instead of shadows in the room where sorrow must have room to stand. Let there be fragrance of living flowers and glad rejoicings over the delivered spirit that has found the light, and say to yourselves: "Ours is a religion of reason and progression; a religion of integrity and morality; of thoughtfulness, of love and aspiration; ours is a religion of knowledge, and the best of all, the knowledge of endless life and everlasting love."

## In Vindication of the Medium Archer.

To whom this may come, greeting:

The undersigned, residents of the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., take great pleasure in recommending Mr. Harry Archer to all seekers after "truth," as a genuine and honest spirit-materializing medium. We have attended many of his seances in this city, and have witnessed the most marvelous spirit manifestations, where as many as fifty-seven spirits of all ages, sizes and both sexes have materialized full forms and come from the cabinet, and some materialized outside the cabinet, and were recognized by friends present. His seances are always held under strict test conditions, and we take great pleasure to recommend him as a genuine materializing medium. Signed: L. H. Austin, Ella Lawrence (of Indianapolis), Mrs. I. Lindsay, Mrs. L. H. Austin, Mrs. Mina Hanley, Mrs. A. R. Mohr, Phebe G. Mohr, Mrs. Hattie Bright, John Lindsey, J. C. Batdorf, M. D., Peter Jones, Fred P. Brandt, Mrs. E. Helen Chellis, Mrs. Rebecca Jones, Charles Howell, Mrs. Laura Garber, Mrs. Harry Wetzell, A. D. Rayner, Mrs. A. D. Rayner, Mrs. Harriet E. Thompson, Josephine Foos, Mrs. C. H. Hinckley, E. E. Williams, Mrs. F. V. Jackson, Mrs. A. C. Weaver, Clarence M. Hutchings, Mrs. E. C. Rice, Mrs. Harriet Tupper, Mrs. Anna Thomson, Charles M. Potter, Mrs. Mary L. Potter, Mrs. E. J. Winch, Caleb Winch, Mrs. Frances Whitney, Urban Silloway, H. W. Booser, J. H. Brandt, E. H. Brandt, S. H. Pullen, W. E. Cole, Perry R. Willsey, Chas. Willsey, M. E. Willsey, Mrs. Lottie Willsey.

Mrs. Katie Lawhead writes: "Ayr is waiting for another spiritual feast. My last note to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was answered by a three-weeks' call (glad to say) from Sister Benedict, of Dexter, Iowa. She did a great work while here. It will be some time in the future before the branches will push forth from the sowing of those seeds that are implanted through that dear, good woman."

## GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

They Touch a Responsive Chord.

TO THE EDITOR:—I am proud of the locality where I first saw the light, for I was born near the birthplace of Thomas A. Edison, at Milan, Ohio; and that is near the beautiful Berlin Heights where lives that great emancipator of human thought from superstitious bigotry, HUDSON TUTTLE. By reading those fearless, grand and elevating principles of spiritual progress we have, during the year just past, become deeply interested in the possibilities of life when humanity shall be free; and knowing as we do the many environments cast over the minds of the people by unprincipled, scheming priestcraft, we hail those efforts to break the shackles of the soul, and it can but fire my Buckeye nature to read the dastardly threat against the life of our brother Hudson Tuttle. Had that damning Romish institution made such threats half or a quarter of a century ago they might have had some show of intimidation; but it is too late to commence another Inquisition, and succeed. The Eastern skies are already glowing with the light of the twentieth century—the age of reason! Light is mightier than darkness, and the mighty hosts from the higher spheres, led on by those fathers of our Republic—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Lincoln and Thomas Paine—are sending their influence throughout this broad continent, and those shades of hellish priestcraft and superstition are slinking back from their true positions at the guillotine and torture-stake, and are pretending that they have fostered science and progress.

At the coming World's Fair at Chicago, Catholics propose to make a separate exhibit of the "sciences that the Romish church has fostered." In our opinion they could make but one successful exhibit, and that is of pure, unadulterated "gall!" That base Romish institution has resisted every advance of science, and has been dragged at the chariot wheels of every reform.

Spiritualists of America, see to it that the Romish exhibit at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 contains Galileo's little spy-glass; see to it that a fac-simile of Gutenberg's little printing press is there too. Be sure there is a complete reproduction of their cruel inquisitions, and all of their instruments of torture down through the dark ages. Let some spirit master artist paint a faithful scene of these lower spheres that Romanism has peopled with wretched, benighted, avaricious, jealous, murderous, plundering fiends of blackest hell—too deeply dyed in depravity of soul to ever desire to mount higher from their awful condition; and then portray the efforts of the Spirit of Freedom trying to instill in their unresponsive souls a desire to break Bigotry's thrall and be free. Paint all this on a canvas as large as the "Battle of Gettysburg;" then make a complete exhibit of the shackles of the chattel slave, white and black; the auction block, etc., for Rome endeavored to uphold slavery as a "patriarchal institution," sanctioned by "Holy Writ." It might be interesting to many to view the assassin's bullet that was sent crashing through the brain of our noble Lincoln, and a reproduction of the efforts to down popular education in America's public schools. Then be sure to make a thorough exhibit of the shackles they are now forging for the "wage slave" in America to-day, trying to uphold the "wage slave" owner, as they did the owner of the chattel slave a few years ago.

Friends of Liberty, make that exhibit so intensely interesting that Romish crimes shall be shown up to all mankind in the true searching light of justice, that all men shall spurn such plundering fakirs of the gentle, loving Christ, whom priests are crucifying every day.

Draper wrote: "On the ruins of its ivy-grown towers, ecclesiasticism, surprised, and blinded by the breaking day, sat solemnly blinking at the light and life about it, absorbed in the recollection of the night that had passed, dreaming of new phantoms and delusions in its wished for return, and vindictively striking its talons at any derisive assailant who incautiously approached too near."

CHAS. A. BROWN.

## NIGHT'S SALUTE.

Night falls, and  
With its approach  
My soul seeks rest,  
E'er like a bird  
Whose notes find  
Echo in a mother's breast,  
Sighs half formed  
Swell, and in my heart  
Nature seeks her own.  
Like the rose of morn  
Which smiles at the bud  
Just newly born;  
For, with its new, sweet life,  
How can it know  
Of each battle of life!  
Light of heart,  
Its petals upturned,  
It sends its sweet breath  
To the glad young morn  
Whose blush lends color  
To its cheek now flushed,  
While it sighs content  
In the world's deep hush.  
The string of pearls  
Are counted and lost;  
The heart-strings vibrate  
With melody tossed,  
In chords which could give  
A symphony grand,  
Like the echo of voices  
From the bright spirit-land.  
A flower of earth  
Bends low to Night's call,  
And whispers: "We love you,  
Sweet dreams to you all."  
—ALICE MC CART.



## SPIRIT LIFE.

### A Conference with Spiritual Beings.

Written Through the Hand of an Eminent Ex-Judge.

[The series of papers we are about to publish were communicated from Spirit-life in the precise form in which they are now presented to the public. They have not even been copied, and are all written out by the medium himself at the time of the communication. The dictation was made when the medium was under impression, and perfectly passive to the influence. He was fully conscious at the time, but like a faithful amanuensis recorded the facts, ideas and expressions of the controlling intelligence as if he had been writing under the direction of a mortal, so that he is quite sure the reports are in all respects substantially correct.]

The essays are from different spirits, but no names were given, for the reason that as they relate to morals and conduct of life they should be esteemed for their own merits alone, and not by the eulogy of the source from which they emanate. To each essay is subjoined the individual experience of some other spirit since passing away from earth, and these latter are called *Illustrations*, and, except in rare instances, such as James Russell Lowell and Horace Greeley, these names were also withheld.

The picture thus presented of the higher life is of the most impressive character, and the descriptions of the sundry scenes, modes of life and occupation have a realistic air that cannot fail to deeply affect the spirit and aid it in its efforts to be worthy of that glorious abode.]

#### MAN'S FUTURE DESTINY.

There is nothing in the history of the world more interesting than the efforts of mankind to learn something about its future destiny. This has been the inquiry of every age, and none more so than the present. The soul is immortal, and the life beyond the grave is certain, but these great truths have been doubted and often rejected, and are not very clearly apprehended by any considerable number of persons yet. Indeed, we are told that it is not for us to know the facts in connection with these sublime realities, for God had seen fit to hide them from our view, and involved them in inscrutable mystery; and it was, therefore, impious to make inquiry into what God has not revealed. This evasion has become crystallized into an article of faith with many people, and the church has most strongly prohibited all inquiry into these mysteries. Thus the world was kept in darkness about what most concerned it to know, and the greatest of truths became simply a matter of faith, and no one was permitted to give any time to their investigation. This condition led to many unfortunate results and bitter discussion. The sword of persecution was drawn against inquirers, and the fate of martyrdom was not unfrequently suffered for gratifying the natural desire for knowledge upon subjects of the deepest human interest. When at last the veil was drawn aside by the spontaneous revelations of returning spirits, the same blind and inconsistent opposition was manifested and the new doctrine was denounced as irreligious and born of evil and trickery. The light, however, grew stronger and brighter, and thousands accepted it as a glimpse of the future life, and were made firm in their belief in God and immortality through the words and voices of departed friends, and now it is a fact as open as the sun at noon. The mystery of death has been dispelled. Its cold and icy embrace is received as the gateway to heaven, and the soul, no longer oppressed with doubts and fears, contemplates its dissolution from the body with a bright and happy certainty of a glorious immortality.

#### ILLUSTRATION.

I was born in the United States and was the daughter of humble parents who set me the example of an upright life. When I passed away from earth there was a moment of hesitation in my condition. I could neither see nor hear. Every sense but that of consciousness was suspended; all that the world held dear seemed to have gone out of my life. The silence was intense; not a sound was heard, nor was there any movement to indicate life. The breath was exhausted, the lips still, the voice hushed, the limbs motionless and the heart ceased to beat, the blood stagnated in the veins and the nerves were at rest. The glow of material life had vanished from the body and the spirit alone seemed to live, but to be without the power of controlling the dead matter in which it was confined. Like a prisoner in his cell it could only wait for its deliverance. At length the body began to yield on every side and the spirit to emerge slowly from its confinement. I speak of myself as the spirit that had been incarnated in the material form from which I was gradually escaping, and within a time which I cannot compute I came forth into the spirit form which corresponded to that of the body, but infinitely attenuated and free from all material limitations of the old frame. At this instant I lost all consciousness, and remained in that condition till I heard a loud and melodious sound of voices as if singing. There were many forms like my own standing near by, and I could see that they joined in the song and were each engaged in doing something to invigorate my own spirit with a divine influence. Some were busy with my head, some with my heart, others with my lungs, and still more with the organs of sight and hearing. What seemed singular to me at the moment was the zeal with which they manipulated the different parts of the spirit form, until all its functions were developed and inspired with a newness and freshness of life I had never experienced before.

When I was able to travel, I passed into a condition I cannot describe. The air seemed like a medium to bear me up, and whichever way I turned there was a sense of being borne onward without any visible motive power. The clouds became tinted with iridescent hues and all the colors of the rainbow seemed to pass through them like a prism. The effect of this was enchanting, but I could only look on and wonder, for as yet I was unable to express my feelings. Language is peculiar in Spirit-life, and I had to learn it soon afterwards. As we approached the stellar spaces, light did not appear to be of the sun, it was so soft and luminous. I was made to understand that we were about entering the spirit sphere proper. All things now put on a different appearance. The sky

was of a pearly whiteness, the air was balmy and deliciously sweet, the spaces which looked vacant at a distance were now filled with the most beautiful objects, and there were stretched out vast plains covered with variegated foliage. Soon we were passing beautiful gardens, lakes and mountains, and then populous districts, large cities, and numerous places filled with buildings and inhabitants. In a word, I was in the Spirit-world, and it looked so real that I could scarcely believe what I saw. It was not a dream, for I was wide awake; nor was it a delusion, for I was never more self-possessed.

After traversing long regions of this description, we came to a city in some respects like one of those in America, but pure and sweet and grandly built up. Here for the present was to be my home, and here I was to learn the rudiments of Spirit-life. I became deeply attached to this place, for here I found many dear friends who had passed away before me, and the renewal of old friendship is one of the pleasant things of the Spirit-world. In my new location I also discovered many congenial souls who became my benefactors. When I was prepared for another course of usefulness I took up my abode in a new part of the country where the people were few and widely scattered. Here, by the assistance of my spirit-friends I soon erected a dwelling and enclosed my fields and forests. At the foot of a grand mountain stood my home surrounded by gardens and orchards, with a clear lake in the distance, and a mighty forest spreading out to the north, where the sun was the longest of all the luminaries to remain above the horizon. The surrounding country is beautifully diversified with all the enchanting scenes of a splendid landscape. New arrivals have rapidly filled it up, and soon it will become as populous as the dense regions I first passed through on my way thither. The rapid rate of mortality on earth and the great numbers that come here from other parts of the universe, leave but little doubt that my neighbors will increase, and my own home yet become the center of a vast community. Already the settlements are scattered about and new colonies are constantly springing up.

You may be astonished at the terms I use, thinking, perhaps, that they sound too much like those of earth. But I must be understood by you and your readers, or these communications would be useless; and furthermore you must learn that spirit-life after all is very natural and its laws and methods very human. Indeed, it is the final working-out of man's life and the perfection of his happiness. Why, then, should it not in many respects conform to his experience on earth, and but continue the existence begun in time but to last as long as eternity itself.

#### I Am Free.

One dark, dark night I asked the stars,  
That glinted through the sunset bars,  
Glittering with resplendence bright,  
And quivering with joy's delight,  
To list awhile to my appeal,  
The secret tell me of their weal;  
To give me words to read my fate,  
My heavy chains to mitigate;  
And such strange words fell on mine ears,  
While I sat gazing through my tears,  
That seemed to come from the lofty blue  
Borne on the wings of starlit dew,  
And gently guided straight to me,  
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

And sitting in the shadow land,  
I heard but could not understand;  
I shook my head and turned my face  
To where the flowers grew apace.  
I thought they could more plainly hear—  
Perhaps because they were more near—  
My sad lament, my heavy sigh,  
Than the glorious stars so far on high,  
And true, they did; in a moment fleet  
There came a waft of fragrance sweet,  
Dashing against my fevered heart,  
With the tenderest touch love could impart,  
But the words I heard were the same to me,  
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

I gazed upon them in their beds;  
My woe had turned their pretty heads;  
I'll ask the birds; in their warbles sweet  
I'll surely find some word that's meet,  
To lift my gloom, release my breast,  
Enslaved with shadows of unrest;  
But when I told them of my woe,  
They warbled wildly and fluttered so  
I only caught 'mong the merry notes  
Caroling from their sunny throats,  
Those same strange words sung right at me,  
"Cry out, O soul, I am free! I am free!"

I bowed my head; they did but dream;  
I'll go and ask the sparkling stream;  
It bubbles and chatters in plainer words  
Than stars or flowers or even birds.  
So I told it how my heart was bound  
With triple chains; my soul nigh drowned  
In sorrow; senses tied and oh!  
For a word to overthrow—  
And the rippling streamlet dimpled with glee,  
As it gurgled, "O soul, cry out, I am free!"

"What do they mean?" I cried at last—  
Just then a laughing zephyr passed;  
I turned and grasping caught it quick—  
My soul with hope deferred was sick—  
But when I told my woe, tale,  
It swelled into a perfect gale,  
And frolicked, whistling about my ears,  
Kissing my eyelids, drying my tears,  
Cooling my brow and fanning my cheek,  
And seemed to try so hard to speak,  
But only the same words came to me,  
"O soul, cry out, I am free! I am free!"

I answered then in sheer despair,  
"You dear, dumb things, so sweet and fair,  
How crushed I am, if you could see,  
I know you would tell me the power to be  
Released, set free." "Soul of unrest,  
The dear, dumb things have done their best,  
For each in turn, star, flower and bird,  
Has given you the freedom word."  
I turned and saw close by my side  
A soul I felt to mine allied;  
His eyes were bright as stars, and sweet  
His breath as flowers beneath his feet;  
His smile outshone the dimpled brook;  
His voice, deeper than whirlwinds, took  
Its strength and beauty from the bird,  
As in sublimest tones e'er heard  
He bade me say that I am free,  
Whatever chains were binding me.

"In every word is a spirit true,  
That surely will return to you.  
The seed that in the word doth nest,  
A brood of woe or harvest of rest,"  
He said. "And if 'tis thus you'll be,  
Send forth the words, I am free! free! free!"  
—Hannah M. Kohaus in the Inter Ocean.

Alice Andrews: Let me add my congratulations to others at your phenomenal success.

## IN DEFENSE OF MR. ARCHER.

### Letter from a Prominent Lawyer.

TO THE EDITOR:—In your issue of January 30 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is a letter from Mr. Olds, of Lansing, Mich., reflecting upon the honesty and genuineness of Mr. Harry Archer as a materializing medium. Permit me a few words in reply, because from my long and continued experience with Mr. Archer at his seances I believe I am competent to testify in the case:

That Mr. Olds pulled the robe from little Jimmy is true, but when he says that he found Mr. Archer immediately thereafter in the act of dressing himself in the cabinet, Mr. Olds is certainly mistaken. But it will be asked, how do I know when I was not there? I will tell you. It is not necessary for Mr. Archer to resort to such things in order to get genuine, or any, spirit materialization; and a man would be an idiot to do that which he is not required to do, and thus expose himself to the condemnation he would deserve, as well as of being arrested and imprisoned for a long term of years.

I think every reader of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER will concede that point. Mr. Archer is a man possessed of ordinary intelligence, and it cannot be presumed that he would resort to such tricks to obtain a few paltry dollars when the risk is so great.

Mr. Olds says: "Previous to taking his seat in the cabinet he called three gentlemen to a private room and had his clothing examined, which was satisfactory in proving that no extras were found on his person." "The cabinet was formed by black curtains in a bay window, back and front." Mr. Olds does not show, nor contend, that Mr. Archer had, in any manner, accomplices to aid him either in the manufacture of the lace in the cabinet, nor to hand it in to him, to be used at his convenience; hence it cannot be claimed that any such condition existed. Mr. Olds admits and says that many forms came out of the cabinet; and it must be conceded that they were all dressed in some kind of clothing. It is not contended that those forms, nor any of them, were that of Mr. Archer. Where did those forms come from, and where did they get the robes with which they were clothed? It would take from twenty to thirty yards of lace to cover the form of a full-grown person; and Mr. Olds says that one came out purporting to be that of E. V. Wilson. Mr. Wilson is an old man. I have seen him materialized many times, and I know that it would take many yards of material to cover his form. Where did all this material come from? The bay window was thoroughly covered with heavy black cloth, which formed the cabinet. The seance was held at the house of one of the leading Spiritualists of Lansing; and surely the owner of the building, the Spiritualist at whose house the seance was held, would not enter into league to provide material with which to cover the forms that came out of that bay window; and as Mr. Archer was thoroughly searched before he entered the cabinet, and it is not contended that he went out of the bay window and got material with which to cover the forms, whether his or any one's else, that came out of the cabinet, if he divested himself of his clothing in the cabinet, would he not have to appear nude before the sitters unless, as is claimed by Mr. Archer, the robes in which forms appeared were materialized for the purpose of clothing those forms?

But Mr. Olds says that he obtained some of the material from little Jimmy, and has it yet in his possession, and, as I am informed, sent some of the lace which he snatched from the little form to the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and claims from that that if it had been materialized, on that evening for the purpose of robbing the forms that appeared, the lace would have been dematerialized as soon as it had been severed from the form. Now that is a conclusion without a sure premise. You see, Mr. Editor, that the only way to acquire knowledge is by experience, and being told by some one who knows from experience. Had Mr. Olds had more experience he would never have reached that conclusion, because it is not a correct conclusion, as I know from my experience, which I will give. At a seance at Grand Rapids some six weeks ago, Mrs. Mohr, who keeps apartments to rent in the Weston block adjoining Sweet's hotel on the north, asked her spirit sister who came out of the cabinet, to give her some of her hair which hung in beautiful curls down her shoulders, and the request was granted, the spirit clipping the hair with a pair of scissors, and as she handed it to Mrs. Mohr she remarked: "That will not keep, but I will bring you some the next time I come that will." Mrs. Mohr, hoping to keep it, put in a bottle and corked it up very tightly; but the next day she went to the mantel where she had set the bottle containing the materialized hair, when, lo! the bottle was broken into many pieces and the hair had disappeared. No one was in the room but Mrs. Mohr and her daughter, and thus no opportunity for any one else to get away with the hair. But the next time the sister came she fulfilled her promise, clipping a large lock of curls and handing it to Mrs. Mohr and which she has now. One evening at a seance about a yard of lace was thrown over the top of the cabinet, falling upon the floor and disappearing like white frost in the sunshine.

I have attended at least twenty of Mr. Archer's seances for the sole purpose of investigation; and I consider that with all my experience in the courts for the past score of years I am competent to carefully weigh appearances and conclude whether they be false or genuine. I am no smarter, Mr. Editor, than ordinary people, only as an expert in detecting fraud, the which my profession has led me into, as all know who have had anything to do with lawyers and courts. For the past ten years I have given occult phenomena much attention, and am somewhat conversant with

its operation, although only yet in the infant class. I have seen every phase of spirit manifestation under test conditions; and I have seen much fraud practiced by so-called mediums. But, Mr. Editor, all is not fraud which, to the superficial observer, would seem to be. Take spirit manifestation in Mr. Archer's seances for instance, in which there are many kinds, namely: materialization, where the spirit is clothed with solid substance, as solid as the material which clothes my spirit, and to the casual observer would seem to be "flesh and blood;" which, in fact, is the case, because drawn from the flesh and blood of those in the seance; the hand is hard and possesses a grip as strong as if in actual flesh. The material is drawn from those in the seance by a spirit who understands the law of so doing, and the spirit who appears, yet being in ignorance of the law, has to be clothed by one who does know the law; and thus it is that those who have just passed to Spirit-life, not yet knowing that law, have to be clothed by some one who does know, and it is quite possible that every line and lineament of the countenance of those materialized forms will not resemble in every particular the one we knew, and the initiate will say at once that it is a fraud, and rush off to some newspaper and have published a whole column of their own ignorance and call it an "expose" of the medium. What nonsense!

Then there is etherization, in which the spirit clothes itself, or is clothed, with ether; such forms are transparent, though visible,—that is, you can see through the form, and yet it possesses the perfect countenance of the spirit, and the spirit can express itself, tell its name, and do many things to prove its identity.

And then there is transfiguration, when the entire form of the medium is clothed with material, so that he or she resembles the spirit of the one who wishes to manifest. In the last instance, if any one should pull off the robes of the form they would surely find beneath them the medium; and yet, Mr. Editor, there would not be one atom of fraud on the part of the medium. At Grand Rapids we had, a few weeks ago, a materialized spirit, an etherized spirit, and Mr. Archer, all out of the cabinet at the same time. Mr. Archer did not then appear as a transfigured spirit, but in a trance state.

I beg a little more space, Mr. Editor, to relate briefly a little of my own experience at Mr. Archer's seances, and let the reader conclude for him or herself whether Mr. Archer has to resort to disrobing himself in order to produce the manifestations seen at his seances; and, too, whether it would be possible for him to produce what I have seen, heard and handled. The seances are held in the fourth story of the Weston block, on Canal street, next to and adjoining Sweet's hotel on the north, in the front of the room, and the light in the rear of the room, and controlled from the cabinet by a string. The room is about twenty-five by twenty-eight feet, with a single door at the northwest corner leading to the hall, and double sliding doors at the west, leading to a large rear room. About forty sitters can comfortably sit in a circle about the room. The only aperture from the cabinet is in front, leading into the circle. At the sides of the cabinet are triangular spaces, formed by the obtuse angles of the bay window. Mr. Archer always dresses in black while in the seance, with not a stitch of white, not even to a handkerchief, upon him, and yet I have seen as many as fifty-seven different forms, of all sizes, from that of a babe but a year old to the full-grown man and woman with white hair, and some as high as seven feet in height. I have seen two forms out at a time when Mr. Archer was sitting outside and in front of the cabinet; four different times I have seen forms come from the triangular spaces at the sides of the cabinet, come out into the circle, go about and shake hands with many of the sitters, and disappear in the cabinet. My own little daughter was one of the four. I saw a babe in long dresses handed down from over the top of the cabinet to a Mrs. Barnes, of Detroit, who took the little thing, sat right down on the floor, cuddled it to her bosom, and soon the form of a beautiful woman came out, saying that she was the guardian spirit of the babe, and took it from the mother's arms and went back into the cabinet. At another time a babe was handed out of the cabinet to Miss Lawrence, of Indianapolis, who recognized it as the departed babe of her sister, and as she was caressing the little child with tears of joy, a form of a woman came out, took the babe tenderly in her arms, and disappeared in the cabinet. I forgot to say that the babe of Mrs. Barnes materialized on its mother's lap, outside of the cabinet, on Christmas night, but such was the case, and was taken from its mother's arms by its guardian spirit. On the eve of Jan. 22 Mr. Cole, the attendant of Mr. Archer, was very sick and lying on the bed in the rear of the suite of rooms occupied by himself and Mr. Archer, and at least thirty-five feet from the cabinet; and yet, on that evening, while we were having a seance of about twenty people, a form of a beautiful girl came out of the cabinet, which, if in the flesh, would weigh about 120 pounds. She had long brown hair, reaching to her waist, white, sleeveless robe, cut low in the neck, petite form. She passed right through the circle, went to the double doors leading to the rear room, shoved the north door back and passed to where lay Mr. Cole and gave him a treatment on the head. I followed her for the purpose of closing the door after her, and saw her in the room with Mr. Cole. Soon she returned, went into and shook hands with all in the circle and disappeared in the cabinet. One evening about 5 o'clock I was visiting Mr. Archer at his seance room, and while writing in the center of the room under the incandescent light, he removed his cabinet from the southwest corner of the room to the bay window and stepped into the cabinet to adjust the string by which he controls the light. Mr. Cole sat between me and the rear room, and Mr. Archer said: "Now, Mr.

Howell, a little business." I expected to see him walk out under control of his guide who was then holding him entranced, as I could tell by his tone of voice, but instead thereof, out walked a form whose robe and raiment is incomparable. It was a man. He had a turban on his head, a robe of white embroidered in gold with the signs of the zodiac, sun, moon, stars, etc., such as I have seen in almanacs as well as in the temple of the Magi owned by Mr. O. H. Richmond; he had a chain of seven links for a belt, and beneath his robe he was clothed in royal purple. He came to where I sat, took me by the hand, I rising to my feet, and there he stood and talked to me for as much as ten minutes. I know that that form was not Mr. Archer.

But I have already made this article too long; but when I see an honest man assailed, you will always find me at his side, and I never know when to quit fighting,—never quit as long as there is an assassin in sight. An attack upon a medium in the manner Mr. Olds attacked Mr. Archer, never exposed a medium; it may kill, but never is an "expose." From my observation I begin to think that the "Spiritualists for thirty-five years" are the greatest enemies to truth in the land. They have their preconceived ideas of just how everything should exist, and unless all they see just exactly fits into the mould they have prepared, that manifestation is fraudulent. Is it not time, Mr. Editor, that we all laid aside the opinions of the past and turn to the higher intelligences and learn truth? Is it not time to cease slaying mediums until we ascertain if they deserve to be slain? Is it not time that the large majority of Spiritualists began to progress and lay aside the swaddling clothes they have worn so faithfully for the past "thirty-five years?" Is it not time that men and women began to investigate truth carefully, earnestly and honestly, and not jump at conclusions, and then hurl those false conclusions broadcast to the world and thus do more harm than good? No man or woman detests fraud more than I, whether in a medium, in the church, or in any profession, and still it is better that ten guilty ones go unexposed than that one honest person should suffer because of the base fabrications cast against them, the result of a hasty and false conclusion. Let us be careful; let us be charitable.

CHARLES HOWELL.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

#### In Defense of Mr. Archer.

TO THE EDITOR:—In answer to the statement in your issue of January 30th, I wish to make a reply. I witnessed the same seance, with Mr. Olds, at Lansing, Mich., and I want to say, truth is what we want. There was a committee of three gentlemen appointed by Mr. Archer to examine the medium; one was Ransom, Mr. Olds' son; Mr. Marsh, and another, a stranger to me. These gentlemen went with Mr. A. into a room, thoroughly investigated, and when they came back, each one said they found nothing about him to produce fraud.

Mr. Archer, not being asked by any one for further test conditions, he advanced in front of the cabinet. Before entering, he stood there and made a statement: he said, for the benefit of those present that might not understand the law of materialization, that there was full-form materialized spirits, etherized spirits, transformation, transfiguration, and sometimes they used the medium's vocal organs. Then he took his chair and stepped back into the cabinet. As stated, the cabinet was thoroughly examined before he went in.

In a very short time spirits began to come out, from little children to large ones. There was one, an ancient, very tall and dark, with his robe on. He came and shook hands with some. Two spirits at one time came out, one a small girl, and a large lady. Little Jimmie, as reported, had come to the opening two or three times. He stood in the aperture talking when Mrs. Olds asked if he would not like to shake hands with her son. Jimmie said "Yes," and he advanced to the cabinet to shake hands. He said: "Come out further," and when Jimmie advanced nearer, he grabbed for the form, and in so doing produced the said lace, arose to his feet, swung it up over his head and said, "I have exposed the whole thing!" Excitement ran high for a time, some crying fraud and demanding their money back, which the young gentleman with Mr. A. returned to them.

In pulling down the curtains the light was hid, and young Olds said, "I demand light; I will have light." As soon as possible it was produced. The light used for the seance was a bull's eye lantern, with a reflector. As they were pulling the cabinet down I stepped up and said to young Olds: "You are a little too fast. You haven't proven a fraud yet. Just hold on." They did so and the medium was fully dressed. Those who took their money were ordered to retire and the seance would go on if they would get quiet. Fully one half stayed. The manifestations went on and several spirits came out at the close of the seance. Young Olds again came back and was going to take a lamp and go right into the cabinet, and was stopped by a gentleman, Mr. Archer still being in the cabinet under control. After a while Mr. A. had the curtain raised and young Olds went in and examined all around. I said, "Are you satisfied, now, that there is no fraud?" When Mr. A. came to the light he fell prostrate on the floor and three gentlemen took him and laid him on a couch.

ISAAC CODY.

Walt Whitman, when he dies, will be buried in a tomb which he superintended the construction of in Harleigh Cemetery, about two miles from Philadelphia. It is here, among a plantation of beech and magnolia trees at the head of the lake, that Walt Whitman has selected the spot for his last resting place. The vault is built into the hill on the west side of the grounds and is composed of enormous boulders of granite. The stone door itself, although hung on massive brass hinges, requires the united effort of three strong men to close its portals.



## SHE KNEW HE WAS DEAD.

### Strange Actions of an Unknown Woman.

HIS DEATH WAS MYSTERIOUSLY COMMUNICATED TO HER—WITHOUT PREVIOUS INFORMATION SHE VISITED THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY—REMARKABLE CASE OF MIND TELEGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR:—I wish to call your attention to a wonderful psychic manifestation (as related by the *Evening Journal*, of this city, Jan. 30th), consisting of a remarkable scene at the Palmer House, on the preceding Wednesday evening:

It was shortly before 9 o'clock. Many people were in the lobby, but no one paid any particular attention to a large, richly-dressed woman, who walked up the corridor and started toward the men's wash-room, where only a few hours before Joseph G. Guggenheimer had shot himself.

She had almost reached the door when Clerk Cunningham noticed her, and thinking she had made a mistake, sent a bell-boy to direct her properly. The boy spoke to her, but she gave no indication that she had either heard or understood him, and passed into the wash-room. Finding his efforts useless the boy ran back to Clerk Cunningham and reported the fact.

"That's very strange," said the clerk. "You couldn't have spoken plainly."

"Oh, yes, I did," replied the boy. "I not only told her distinctly that she was going the wrong way, but stood in front of her. She walked right into me, pushed me aside and walked in."

"Well, I'll see what I can do," said Cunningham, and quietly leaving the desk he followed the woman.

When he entered the wash-room he was astonished to see her, apparently oblivious to her surroundings, standing in front of the apartment in which Guggenheimer had shot himself. For a moment she stood watching her, while she remained motionless, with her hands tightly pressed over her eyes. Then he walked up to her and said:

"You have made a mistake—I will take pleasure in showing you to the ladies' parlor."

The woman neither answered nor moved. The clerk began to think she was demented.

"Let me escort you out of here," he said, taking her by the arm. Without a word and without resistance she permitted herself to be led through the door and toward the ladies' parlor.

The woman's strange actions had by this time attracted quite a crowd, and when Mr. Cunningham asked her what she wanted the party became very quiet in expectation of her reply. For a moment she looked around in a dazed sort of way, as though she did not realize where she was or what she was doing. Then, with her eyes staring into space, and her strong-cut features working with strange excitement, she exclaimed:

"I have not seen him for four years, but I knew he was going to shoot himself right here," and she placed her hand on her temples and indicated the exact spot where the fatal bullet had crashed into Guggenheimer's brain. She paused a moment and then continued wildly: "But I am too late—too late—I was afraid I would be too late."

"Too late for what?" some one asked. "Too late to save him from killing himself."

While the woman was talking she gave no evidence of being aware either of her strange language or her surroundings. Her expression was that of a somnambulist, and the rapidly augmenting crowd around her seemed to have no interest for her.

Clerk Cunningham led her away from the crowd as soon as possible, and presently, after some questioning, was rewarded by seeing a look of intelligence come into her face. Suddenly she gave a start, and looking around with a surprised, half-frightened look on her face, exclaimed:

"What am I doing here?" "You have been ill," was all the clerk could say on the spur of the moment.

"Was I?" she asked; then a look of intelligence flashed across her face. "Why," she exclaimed, "I thought I was in the Palmer House, and that something had happened to Joe Guggenheimer."

"You are right. You are at the Palmer House, and something has happened to the gentleman you speak of."

"I know it now," she said—"it all comes back to me now."

Then she began to cry. "Is he really dead?" she asked.

"Yes, he shot himself this afternoon."

"Poor Joe; poor Joe," she said, and burying her face in her hands she sobbed aloud.

"Did you know Mr. Guggenheimer?" asked Mr. Cunningham.

"Yes, oh, yes; don't ask me any more," she answered.

What her relations with Guggenheimer were she refused to say. Neither would she give her name. What caused the hypnotic condition that brought her to the hotel she said she was unable to explain, but prior to her trance she knew absolutely nothing of the suicide.

After the woman had become composed she was escorted to a private carriage, which had been waiting, and ordering the coachman to drive "home," was rapidly whirled away.

Several medical men and others who witnessed the woman's strange actions said it was undoubtedly another in the long list of remarkable cases of mind telegraphy that recent science has recorded; that the woman was undoubtedly acquainted with the dead man, and that his death had been mysteriously transmitted to her.

The probability is that this lady was under the control of a spirit who was extremely anxious to prevent the suicide, but could not carry out his plans successfully. There is a powerful spiritual influx at the present time, and this is an incident connected therewith.

JOS. TICE.

## A Cold Snowy Morning.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Snow, snow, and budless branches,  
How black the forest looks!  
The landscape has the color  
They print in picture books.  
The sparrows seem bewildered  
To know where they can steal,  
For Nature, their old mother,  
Is wrapped from head to heel.

"Oh! such a world as this is!"  
Sneers grandma, looking off  
Across the pallid country—  
"No wonder I've a cough."  
The fire is glowing ruddy,  
The breakfast smoking hot:  
Buckwheats, and maple syrup,  
And coffee in the pot.

Summer indoors—no snow here—  
But carpets soft and warm,  
And no one has a reason  
To mutter at the storm.  
We know we can't help it,  
And would not if we could,  
For lo! the nation's wheat fields  
Rejoice and call it good.

We seem like snarling children  
Crossed in our little wills;  
We scold when Summer scorches,  
Demur when Winter chills.  
Protest against the rulings  
Of laws we cannot change,  
But wisely for our comfort  
And creature needs arrange.

Outside the human kingdom  
Less is it so. Behold!  
A flock of quails are piping  
Out on the barren wold.  
No house, no food, no water,  
A snow waste everywhere;  
No hand to stay their famine,  
No ear to hear their prayer.

Why not go out and feed them?  
The bins are full of grain,  
And it is always blessed  
To balm another's pain.

I took a board and spread it  
With plump, sweet grains of wheat,  
And such a hearty breakfast  
As those shy quails did eat!

I felt most happy thinking,  
How glad I was that I  
Could feed the little heroes,  
Which otherwise must die.  
I went back to the buckwheats,  
And coffee, steaming hot,  
With vastly better relish  
For kindly deed and thought.

## BIBLE BEATITUDES.

### Reflections on the Atonement.

What beautiful sentiments are conveyed in an article in No. 110 of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, signed by the editor. The bible beatitudes are thrown thereby into a shadow. If we only could live up to the mark as laid down in that communication, none of us would want to leave this earth, hoping for a better; we would have so much heaven here that we could not hope for any heaven hereafter, neither would we want any. The happiness that some of us enjoy would be felt by all.

### THE ATONEMENT.

In the last few days my thoughts have been dwelling on the atonement. It is a question in my mind whether the man Jesus Christ was cognizant of the assumed fact that his death by violence was necessary to the salvation of the human race; that through his death sin might be obliterated and heaven be our place of residence in the "Sweet By and By." History relates that in the past men and women have accepted violent and cruel deaths, with a countenance showing no fear, and all for an idea, and many of us look upon such as cranks, throwing their lives away and sealing with their blood a lie. Now, if Jesus knew that his death would be the means of releasing millions from their sins and fit them for heaven, would he, knowing this, have shown the white feather? I think not. The only history that purports to be true is found in the bible, and the account we read therein does not show that Christ firmly believed in the teachings of priestcraft. Is it not related of him that while praying in the garden he suffered untold agony, and it was so great that he sweat drops of blood? I wonder who saw this, as it reads that he retired by himself. He prayed to the Father, and as he was his own Father, we must take it for granted that he prayed to himself. When close on to death, it is said of him that, in his agony, he cried in a loud voice: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Now, if he knew that he offered up his life for the sins of the whole world, would he have regretted dying for sinful man? I am very fond of life, and receive a great deal of comfort and pleasure in the midst of my family and my friends; but if I knew that by accepting a violent death, my sacrifice would be the means of raising my fellowman from the depths of sin and degradation, freely I would accept, without a murmur, the most cruel death that could be imposed upon me, knowing that I should reign in heaven? The account in the bible of the crucifixion seems to me, and thousands of my fellowmen, rather fishy and very much exaggerated. When Christian nations expel war from their borders and stop the shedding of one another's blood, then, and not until then, will this story of this Christian savior's execution be relegated to where it belongs, and that will be among the mythical accounts of other saviors, as it is well written up in a book by Kersey Graves, the title of which is: "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors; or, Christianity before Christ." This is a book that every Christian should read; it is, like Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason," unanswerable.

JOHN L. MOORE.

A. B. Dillinbough: It can well be called the "thinker," for it not only does some grand thinking itself, but it is setting the whole country to thinking; and for "progressive thinking" it is far in advance of any of its competitors. It is just what was badly needed to get our spiritual papers out of the ruts.

Edward Blanchet of Lewiston, Me., is 44 years old, and his wife is two years younger. They have been married twenty-three years, and in that time they have had eighteen children, ten of whom are alive now.

## Notes from G. H. Brooks.

TO THE EDITOR:—Since my last, I have made an entire change in my line of work, of which I will speak later on. We finished our organization in Elgin, Sunday, Jan. 17th. It is not very large, as there is a great deal of sickness at present in Elgin, preventing many of our people from being out. We have most excellent officers at the head of the movement, who are determined to hold the society together, and keep up the harmonious relationship which has existed from the first. I can assure all that an organization in Elgin means much, and I held on to the meetings when it was of no especial material gain to me, because I desired, if possible, to secure a foothold in Elgin that would last. Success has come. Elgin is now ready to co-operate with other societies and speakers.

Miss Georgie Congdon, 45 Grand Ave., is secretary of the society, to whom all letters should be addressed. The name of the society is the Elgin Spiritual Association. I believe it is their intention to work with the State Association recently organized. Very unexpectedly to me, I received a letter asking me if I would accept the position of State lecturer, if it was offered to me, and asking further, if I would attend the weekly meeting held on Thursday evening. I attended, and there learned in full the intent and purpose of the State organization. Finally I consented to accept the position, for a time at least. Whether I remain in the work or not I cannot tell. I accepted it in the hope that some practical good will develop in this line of work; and I ask the Spiritualists, throughout the entire State of Illinois, to co-operate with us. We can thus make a showing before the world. I want to hear from as many places in the State as possible.

I put no price upon my labors; you furnish me the hall, give me the door receipts, or collections, and entertain me. You need not kill any yellow-legged chickens, or make company of me, but use me as one of the family, and I will come and hold some meetings. If we can then organize, well and good; if not, we will let it go. I will, in any place, assist in organizing Children's Progressive Lyceums, in which I am greatly interested. I feel this subject has been too long neglected by our people. At the close of my evening lecture, I give public platform psychometric readings, which are always convincing tests to those who are seeking light. After some organizations are started, we will either hold quarterly meetings at different points, or a State convention in some central point, where the Spiritualists all over the State may meet and discuss the various questions of the day. We never shall grow and make a showing until we go to work. Please address me at 38 Lawrence street, Elgin, Ill.

I arrived in Shawneetown, Ill., last Saturday, to hold meetings. Have held three thus far; am to hold two or three more. I will write in regard to this place later on, but will say this, there are very few Spiritualists here, and an organization is out of the question.

Fellow Spiritualists, throughout the State of Illinois, let us join our forces and do something. I am willing to aid and work with you. Will you help?

Yours for the truth,  
Elgin, Ill. G. H. BROOKS.

## Lullaby in Black.

I see a gray coon in de corn,  
Sleep, baby, sleep;  
I hear de mastah blow his horn,  
Sleep, baby, sleep;  
I see a nigger at de gray coon shoot.  
I heah de echo of de old horn's toot,  
An' I heah an owl in de wild wood hoot,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

A 'gator gruntin' in de ole bayou—  
Sleep, baby, sleep;  
At a fat pig crawfishin' in de flue,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
His teeth am big, an' wide, an' white,  
An' he am chucklin' at de great big bite  
He's gwine to hab outen dat pig to-night,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

I heah de wild geese flyin' by,  
Sleep, baby, sleep;  
De air am ringin' wid dere cry,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.  
It's gwine to be cold, but you am snug  
As de hoppin' lizzard an' de little June bug,  
So I'll leab you now wid a good nite hug,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

—New Orleans Picayune.

## Hold the Fort!

[GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. J. A. GLASS, PREVIOUS TO HER DECEASE.]

Hold the fort, for we are coming,  
Up and put your armor on;  
Hear ye not the distant thunder?  
Raise your voices loud and long;  
Till the distant hills shall echo  
And repeat it o'er again;  
We have heard your mighty challenge,  
Far and wide o'er ocean's main.

### CHORUS.

Then hold the fort, for we are coming,  
Let the promise make you strong;  
We, an Angel host of Heaven;  
God of Freedom, speed us on.

Sons and daughters of this nation,  
Shall we call to you in vain?  
Know ye not your rights are menaced?  
Will you be a slave again?  
Will you tamely, in submission,  
Bow the head or bend the knee,  
To a hydra-headed tyrant  
In this land of liberty?

(Repeat Chorus.)

No! by all the powers above us,  
No! by ev'ry sacred tie!  
We will gird our arms about us  
And go forth to do or die,  
As did once the Pilgrim Fathers  
E'er they dared the treacherous wave;  
With our souls on fire for freedom,  
Though we find a martyr's grave.

(Repeat Chorus.)

Never, never will we falter;  
Never while the truth shall stand;  
Never with our rights secured us  
And freedom's flag floats o'er the land.  
God above us, spirits 'round us,  
Let us again our vows renew,  
That each beneath his vine and fig-tree  
Shall worship all that's good and true.

(Repeat Chorus.)

## BIBLE HEROES.

### Were the Wickedest Men Chosen as Ideals of Holiness?

TO THE EDITOR:—I enclose a clipping from the *Andover Review*, which is said to have been written by one of the professors of Harvard College. I would like very much to see this in the columns of your paper. It is as follows:

"Not the least of the ethical difficulties of the Bible is the unworthiness of many of the Old Testament heroes, says the *Andover Review*. For example: Noah, so stupefied with wine that he lay uncovered in his tent, unconscious of his nudity; yet, we are told that 'Noah was a righteous man, perfect in his generation, and walked with God'; Lot, guilty of drunkenness, double incest, and the indescribable meanness of offering the daughters of his incest to the lusts of the Sodomites; yet Peter declares that 'God delivered righteous Lot, sore distressed by the lascivious life of the wicked (for that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their lawless deeds)'; Jacob, cunningly taking advantage of his brother's hunger to buy from him at a ridiculous figure the unappraisable birthright, deliberately lying to his blind old father, meanly stealing away from his brother the patriarchal blessing of the first-born, accumulating vast possessions in his exile by his cunning stratagem of the peeled poplar and hazel rods, servilely cringing before his outraged brother, a man mercenary and deceitful and tricky; yet this man is represented as heaven's special favorite, is vouchsafed the blessed visions of Bethel and Peniel, and his name in Israel has become the most honorable designation of the Jewish people; Jael, inviting the weary Sisera to accept her hospitality, and then, when he was helpless in sleep, nailing his head through his temples into the ground, yet Deborah, a mother in Israel and a prophetess of the most high God, exclaims: 'Blessed above women shall Jael be, the wife of Heber the Kenite; blessed shall she be above the women in the tent!'; Samson—the muscular, passionate, amorous, rollicking Hercules of sacred story—banteringly puzzling the Philistines with his riddle, comically avenging himself by his device of the coupled three hundred foxes, grotesquely slaughtering the thousand Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass, frankly striding away with the gates of Gaza, amorously frolicking with Delilah, grimly jesting in the very act of committing suicide; yet this man—so jovial and nettlesome and amorous and wayward—is mentioned in the New Testament muster-roll of the sons of faith, enshrined with such saintly names as Abel and Enoch and Abraham and Moses and Samuel; David, lying to the high priest Abimelech, feigning idiocy by scribbling on the gates of Gath and allowing his saliva to drivel down his beard, putting himself at the head of a band of freebooters, organizing a seraglio, seducing Bathsheba, murdering Uriah, imprecating psalms of cruellest vengeance, yet this man of deceit and adultery and murder is called the 'man according to God's own heart.'"

N. H. STILES.

## A Dog Heaven.

The article in No. 110, "Do Dogs See Ghosts," suggests the following:

At what period of man's earthly existence does a spirit come into companionship with the physical body. Life is discovered to exist in a microscopic speck of protoplasm before the formation of cell walls begins. Is it claimed that the spirit goes into partnership with this inorganic speck? If not, at what stage of development does it unite with the body, and when, how and where is the spirit body formed? We find that the higher the development the higher the intelligence manifested. Now, is there a degree of development and intelligence necessary to be attained before a spirit organism is united with the physical body? If so, why is it not reasonable that some of the lower animals may attain this degree of development and intelligence that fits their bodies for a house for immortal spirits to abide in?

We have no complete way of measuring the intelligence of animals, since they have no language to make known to us their attainments. If the theory of evolution be a fact, and the claim of immortality be another fact, where is the proof that immortality begins with, and is confined to, the human form?

I read in spiritual papers about a physical body, a spiritual body, and a soul. These writers are evidently not thoroughly weaned from their orthodoxy. They want a trinity of some kind. I only know of a physical body and a spiritual body. The former perishes; the latter lives on. A soul is an unknown and unnecessary quantity.

Almyra, Ark. W. M. RANDALL.

## The Aber Mediums.

TO THE EDITOR:—Here I am at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Aber, excellent mediums, of Spring Hill, Kansas. We had a great circle last night. Dr. H. S. Brown, formerly of Milwaukee, Wis., materialized, and if I had met him in daylight on the street he would not have looked more natural. I recognized other friends. In all, over twenty spirits materialized. Some of them would stand outside the cabinet and talk in a clear voice for five minutes.

The Abers are doing a good work in this section, but I do not think they will always be confined to this locality.

E. W. BALDWIN.

The Hon. Robert Burnett of Massachusetts, who has spent two years in Chile, says that it would take at least 50,000 soldiers, millions of money, and a long time to whip the Chileans. He says that 20,000 soldiers landed on the coast of Chile would be either killed or driven away.

## A Word in Behalf of Mr. Archer.

TO THE EDITOR:—An article in your widely-read paper of the 30th ult., signed by a Mr. Olds, of Lansing, Mich., calls for prompt response by one who knows whereof he speaks. The facts are, Mr. Archer, to whom the article refers, is a gentleman, and above resorting to any trickery whatever for his daily bread, or any other purpose. As a materializing medium he stands among the first on the list, and that more particularly as one of an educational character, in that astronomical illustrations are given that, to the more than casual observer, are instructive. Permit me to herein call the attention of the members of the Temple of the Magi, that it might be worth their while to visit the materializing seances of Prof. Archer and see for themselves. Many signs they will at once recognize, quite to their surprise, perhaps. An oil painting that came at one of his seances in the presence of the writer hereof, might be likely to open the eyes of any candid investigator. There are hundreds of people who have attended his seances who can attest to his honorable character, and the genuineness of his mediumship, and his thorough aversion to trickery in any undertaking, more especially in mediumship, which is not of his seeking, but the truly enlightened spirits from the other side of life forcing the work upon him.

Chicago, Ill.

## A GOOD SUGGESTION.

### That Reformation Should Commence at Home.

TO THE EDITOR:—In a lecture, delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Oct. 25th, 1891, at Washington, D. C., we are told, that, in order to help to make "His paths straight," we must "be ourselves, and to ourselves be true." Now, I wish simply to say, that I do not agree with her. Suppose "ourselves" to be something very vile; a self made up of anger, vindictiveness, revenge, intolerance, irritability, selfishness, bigotry, uncharitableness, and many other dark and hideous things. Shall we remain "ourselves," or shall we cast our eyes upon the inner self—the real person, and beholding its horrible deformity, resolve to strive to make self a little less crooked; and if we succeed in straightening it, we shall find that the path has also become, if not straight, at least a little easier to travel. But how shall we commence this Herculean task of trying to straighten out this very crooked self? Surely not by remaining ourselves, but by striving to become quite a different person. First of all we must send out a strong, soulful desire to see ourselves as we really are, in order to know our faults. Then we must earnestly desire to overcome those faults. We must feel genuine humiliation when we do contemplate our hideous selves. We must make resolves, daily and hourly, to persevere in our efforts to overcome our faults; but we must not expect to succeed at once, nor without help. We must understand that help is near, is ready for us whenever we really ask for it. The dear angels only wait the opportunity which our desire gives them, to aid us by surrounding us with influences that are inspiring and ennobling; but with all their help, all that it is possible for them to do for us, it must take years and years of constant endeavor to make ourselves straight; yea! a lifetime, and even then we shall have sufficient deformity remaining to cause us to quake with dread when we think of entering the spiritual condition, knowing that then we can hide nothing; every one can see us to be just exactly what we are. No necessity for a recording angel to keep a record of the "deeds done in the body;" they will be plainly visible on our spirit body.

No matter how long we may live in this earthly body, we shall always find some "kinks" to straighten; for, with every successful step up the ladder of progress our vision is broadened, and we are enabled to see what was before hidden or obscured, and we behold more briars and brambles to clear away; more "crooks" to straighten; at least, that has been my experience, and I thank the dear spirit friends for helping me to overcome the old self to a great extent; and I intend to keep on trying to overcome, trying to feel willing to pass through the purifying fires, hoping to become an entirely different person from what I was when I first found the truth, now nearly forty years ago. I believe that, in order to get the benefit of a knowledge of this great truth, we must take it right into our inner selves, and with its help "work out our own salvation."

Our good city of Stockton has been slow to accept this truth, but it is gaining ground slowly. We have no society, no medium permanently located here; but different ones come and stay with us a few weeks at a time. The last one to favor us was Mrs. Maud Lord Drake.

We have some noble toilers for truth in our city, one of whom, at least, is an occasional contributor to your good paper, which we take great pleasure in reading. I refer to Dr. A. S. Hudson. There is a theosophical society here which has absorbed some of the former Spiritualists, but I am still a Spiritualist and content with it.

Mrs. O. F. Cook.

Stockton, Cal.

## Mystical Music.

The sweetest music heard by mortal sense is naught compared to that beyond our ear—The concord of a purer atmosphere, Where worlds leave off and fairer spheres commence;

And yet sometimes in spite of air so dense,  
Our spirit ears in higher moments hear  
That wondrous harmony, now faint, now clear,  
Until we long to leave our earthly tents.  
This music sounds in saintly souls and wise;  
'Tis heard when loving spirits meet and blend.  
It comes when sorrow's burden bends the knee,  
Though half its sweetness then is drowned in sighs;  
But, best of all, it comes at last to rend  
The veil of sense and set the spirit free.

—Ella Harcourt.



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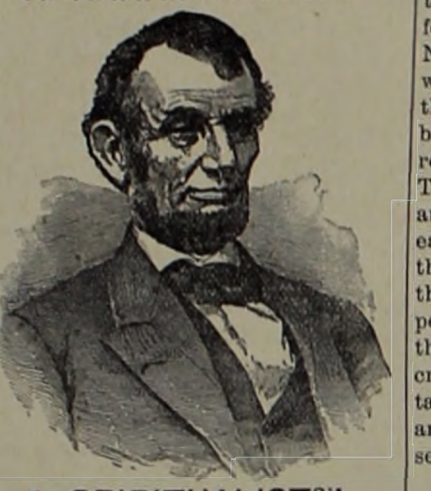
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN



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## SIGNIFICANT.

## A Page from History.

Spain was originally divided into four kingdoms, Castile, Aragon, Navarre and the Moorish possessions of Granada. The latter was bounded on the south by an arm of the Atlantic, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean. It embraced the most luxuriant districts and important strongholds of that wealthy country.

In 1474 Isabella assumed the Castilian throne, and afterwards associated her husband, Ferdinand, with her in the administration of public affairs. Later, they began a war on the Moors, which ended, in 1492, in the conquest of Granada, only a little time before Columbus set out on his voyage of discovery.

For seven hundred years the Moors had given asylum to the Jews, everywhere persecuted by Christians. They became very numerous and wealthy, and after the conquest loaned large sums to the nobility, which were squandered in extravagance. The Pope had flooded Spain with his minions. In his determination to put down the Jewish heresy the Inquisition was established, with Thomas de Torquemada as General. The nobility welcomed the movement, hoping thus to escape personal liabilities; and the clergy sanctioned it because the confiscation of the estates of the accused would swell the treasures of the church. An edict was issued ordering the arrest of all persons suspected of heresy, some of the proofs of which were wearing cleaner linen on the Jewish Sabbath than on other days; having no fire in the house on the preceding day, giving children Hebrew names, etc.

The cells of the convent of St. Paul, where the tribunal commenced its work, were quickly filled. The arrests multiplied so rapidly they were compelled to remove to the fortress. Mock trials were given by the monks. Witnesses concealed under black cowls, and judges sitting in dimly-lighted chambers, added to the gloomy scene. The victim was allowed no defense. However innocent, once charged with heresy, he was soon convicted, and hurried away to most execrable tortures, in dungeons too deep for his cries of distress to reach sympathizing ears.

Isabella permitted the continuance of these horrors, notwithstanding the terrible drain it made on the laboring classes, as well as the nobility. No one was above suspicion. Without warning the accused was liable at any moment to be snatched from home, and the busy cares of life, with a suddenness and impenetrable secrecy that made it seem the work of devils. They were conveyed to subterranean chambers, tried by unfeeling ecclesiastics, followed by tortures and death in its most revolting forms.

On one occasion Isabella revolted against the outrages on the Jews. One of her number approached the Queen and proposed to contribute thirty thousand ducats towards conducting the Moorish wars, provided the Jews were left undisturbed in their possessions. She took a correct view of the matter, saw how rapidly she was depopulating her provinces in driving away and destroying the most frugal, industrious and skillful of her artisans; the wealth-

est, most learned and moral of her subjects. While the proposition was pending, Torquemada, the Inquisitor-General, and at the time the Queen's confessor, rushed into her apartment, holding up a crucifix. He exclaimed: "Judas Iscariot sold his master for thirty pieces of silver. Your highness would sell him anew for thirty thousand. Here he is; take him; barter him away," at the same time throwing down the crucifix and fleeing from the presence of his sovereign.

These persecutions of the Jews were not limited to Spain, nor to the newly-acquired provinces. The daughter of Isabella, the princess of the same name as the mother, was sought in marriage by Emanuel, king of Portugal. The Queen refused her consent till he promised to expel every Jew from his dominions.

But this was four hundred years ago, before the Reformation; and before the organization of the Jesuits under the master mind of Loyola. It shows what instrumentalities were employed for Christianizing the world; and it tells, all too forcibly, what methods would be resorted to again, if the church was clothed with the power it possessed in the middle ages. And we assert it with all seriousness, that there is no religious sect we would be willing to trust with the liberties of a free government.

G. W. BROWN, M. D.  
Rockford, Ill. Feb. 10th.

## The Spiritualist Press—A Few Plain Words.

The daily press of this country has so descended from its high estate as the mentor and guide of the people, that the public have almost entirely lost faith in its disinterestedness. "Oh, you can't believe what the papers say," is too often a justly-repeated expression. The more necessity there is for clear-sightedness, and cool, unimpassioned judgment, as in times of political crises and emergency, the less are they to be depended upon for good advice and unbiased argument. Nor is this all; for leaving the upper air, where eagles soar in their strength, they choose rather to become carrion birds, besmirching themselves and their readers with the foulness of the slums. This is to be expected of them, for they are working on the material plane of the earth, and the earthier it is, the better they are suited. We really think, though, they often out-Herod Herod, by their personal eagerness to scrape together the last particle of slimy nastiness and criminal intelligence; nor do they hesitate to resort to all manner of trickery and sharp practice, to accomplish their selfish ends.

While the terms of this impeachment lie more or less strongly against the whole secular press, and sooner or later, will become unbearable to all concerned, both the press and the people, let us consider what we have a right to expect from the Spiritualist press.

In the publication of a spiritual paper, above all and through all is the distinct and emphatic assertion, that it represents the spirit side of life, in all its purity, potency and freedom from the entanglements of physical weakness and imperfection. This is what the great multitudes, disgusted with the flesh-pots of the churches, have come into the wilderness of the invisible to find. If the paper is true to its professions, it will be honest, fair-minded, and broad in the expression of all views of the universal truth. It will seek to be a mirror of the honest thought of its constituency; charitable to the weak, and an impassable barrier to all arrogant self-seeking. Thus much, at least, it should be.

It should not make itself an advertising sheet, filling its pages with objectionable advertisements, secured on a notoriously false statement of its circulation. It should not jump rough-shod on every one who is gifted with psychic powers, which mental obtuseness prevents its manager from comprehending.

It should not distinguish itself as the champion of laws to restrict the religious liberty of those who look to it to befriend them, support them, and help them out of their imperfect knowledge of the unexplained laws of nature, into the full understanding of the psychic tide that so often overwhelms them to their unutterable confusion.

It should not steal the brains of its contemporaries, even though it sadly needs some of its own, to bolster up a falling circulation: nor go about in sneaking, underhanded way to steal the subscription list of a more prosperous contemporary, and then economize, by swindling the United States Post-Office Department by inclosing circulars in second-class matter, offering cut-rate inducements for subscriptions it doesn't dare to publish in its regular issue. In short, it should be too near the clear light of truth, to resort to any of the "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," of the hustling brotherhood of the secular press.

Let the Spiritual press above all things speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in love, kindness and charity to all men. Be honest in intention, and square in dealing, and a new era of Spiritual growth would soon be inaugurated. Instead of the meanness of personal greed, we should have a press vibrating with the harmonies and elevating joy of the Spirit-world, which has so earnestly sought to help those who would give their attention long enough to hear.

## Pleased with The Progressive Thinker.

I am pleased with the improvements you have lately added to the already high character of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Certainly you are carrying out the idea involved in the title of your paper, and with the increased subscription which the improvement deserves, and which I feel will come to you, the word failure need never appear upon the door or books of your sanctum. Permit me thus to congratulate you, and assure you of my high esteem.

WILLARD J. HULL.

## The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

A correspondent writes us from the State of Washington in regard to the truth of Bro. Tuttle's story of "The Convent of the Sacred Heart." Every incident in it is founded on fact, only the half is not told. It is not possible for any human being to have absolute power over another without to a greater or less degree abusing his trust. We know how this worked in the case of African slavery in this country; while there were kind masters, there were also the diabolically cruel, who stopped short of no tortures, which they were so minded. And these were to an extent restrained by a certain publicity. But a convent of women, designed at the first as a haven for the priests, or an instrument of propaganda; secluded from all question; hidden from all human sight, can but induce the growth of the vilest and most hideous phases of man's nature. If the Superior and the attendant priests happened to be kindly and honest-hearted, then the life of the nunnery might be barely endurable; but if they were the infamous characters pictured in the story, almost always sure to be the case, no language would be hot enough to scorch their misdeeds.

No unbiased, fair-minded jury could fail to be convinced of these facts, and the proof is ample. No Catholic pretends to deny the atrocities of the Inquisition under Torquemada, and human nature is constantly repeating itself on the physical plane—unrestrained license is as brutal and horribly cruel as ever.

No arrangements have been made for putting this story into book form. The spirit of the Catholic Church is as intolerant and bigoted now as when it invited its devout followers to the diversion of an auto da fe in which roast heretic was the principal item. The sooner the grip of this "Slimy Octopus" is shaken off our schools and our politics, the brighter will be the future of the American Nation. Why is it our people cannot see it?

## Spurgeon's Gems.

The death of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, reminds us of a book we saw some time ago called "Spurgeon's Gems," purporting to be specimens of his best thoughts. Here is one that first caught our eye as we opened the book at random:

"Can ye think what must have been the greatness of the atonement which was a substitution for all this agony which God would have cast upon us if he had not poured it upon Christ? Look! look! look!!! with solemn eye through the shades that part us from the world of spirits, and see the house of misery which men call hell! Ye cannot endure the spectacle. Remember, that in that place there are spirits forever paying their debt to divine justice; but though some of them have been for the past four thousand years sweltering in the flames, they are no nearer a discharge than when they began; and when ten thousand times ten thousand years have rolled away, they will no more have made satisfaction to God for their guilt than they have done up till now!"

Comment is needless. Glad he is gone, for he will soon see his error and join the mighty hosts who are bringing the truth to earth, and some one will take his place here who knows better.

## Cheering News.

La grippe has been very severe and fatal throughout Europe and America during the autumn and winter. It gives us supreme pleasure to note its end is near. Does the reader ask for proof? Then read this important telegram:

LONDON, Feb. 2.—A special prayer for relief from the ravages of influenza has been issued by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Only a little while ago the great plagues of Europe were arrested by the interposition of the Popes; and a little earlier the wrath of heaven was placated by immolating on the bloody altars of the times the firstborn. Now let the heads of all our churches imitate the good Archbishop of Canterbury; and let President Harrison order a general day for fasting and prayer. By the time all this is accomplished, the earth, bowing along in its orbit, will reach that point which gives us a vernal sun, the warmth of spring, and the bursting bud, then la grippe will disappear, and prayers to God shall have all the glory.

## Back Numbers.

It is a matter of much regret that we cannot fill orders for a complete file of back numbers from the beginning of Hudson Tuttle's story. Hundreds of our new subscribers desire to begin there, and many of the old subscribers have allowed their subscription to lapse for a week or two during its continuance, just long enough to lose important chapters. Now we would like to whisper a few words out loud, and every subscriber can take them as personally addressed. There will never be a number of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER that will not contain information worth ten times its subscription price to every subscriber and matters of intense interest to all spiritually-minded people. The best way to prevent the loss of any of this valuable intelligence will be to renew promptly in yearly subscriptions. It will make less trouble for us and insure for you your share of the good things to be portioned out all the time to our readers and subscribers.

## The Octopus Squirming.

We learn from the *Woman's Voice*, of Boston, Mass., that a Roman Catholic priest in New Bedford shows a disposition not only to tyrannize over his parishioners while living, but to control the earth in which they are laid. Recently he has forbidden a daughter's body to be buried in her father's lot, and a husband to bury his wife in consecrated ground. The heinous sins committed by these deceased victims of the priest's wrath are that the daughter was wicked enough to attend an Episcopalian church, and the wife dared to die without receiving the last rites of the church.

When, alas! will this Romish octopus be strangled? Not until the Roman Catholics are allowed to think for themselves or assert the right to do so.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the independent slate-writer, has removed from Los Angeles to Oakland, Cal.

## The Church Woman's Friend.

For eighteen hundred years woman was completely enthralled by the tyranny of the church. She was not allowed to take an active part in any public exercises, nor hold any office of a sacerdotal character. If some bold spirit stepped outside of her prescribed realm, like Joan of Arc, and saved a nation by her bravery, she was condemned as a witch and burned at the stake, or suffered some other gross outrage. Even queens who reached thrones by inheritance were made to feel their subject condition. Isabella, on the throne of Castile, Aragon and Grenada, was compelled to appear before the priest Talavara, to make confession. Says the history of the occurrence: "He remained seated while she knelt before him. 'It is usual for both parties to kneel,' she said. 'No, this is God's tribunal; I act as His minister, and it is fitting I should keep my seat while your Highness kneels before me,' was the reply."

And yet it is urged, "Woman owes everything to the church." She owes it nothing but her serfhood. At birth, at the confessional, at marriage, at death, she was ever reminded that she was inferior to man, whom she was taught to obey. She was told that because she listened to the wiles of Satan, she must bear the penalties of transgression. It was the hook-nosed, curve-spined, bow-legged sallow, inspired by a sunstroke, the Apostle Paul, whose "It is a shame for a woman to speak in church," "I suffer not a woman to teach," "Learn at home of your husband," which has made the sex ecclesiastical slaves.

By natural inheritance woman is man's equal, and in many respects greatly his superior. She is coming to the front, and is assuming her true position as the power of the church wanes before the incoming tide of a higher civilization. The church woman's friend! It has always been her enslaver. It is only because the gyves which bound her are broken, that she is now seen entering the learned professions, and is filling with honor every position to which she aspires.

## Mrs. Jennie Moore.

The case of the City vs. Mrs. Jennie Moore, charged with maintaining a place of amusement without a license, was called at 10 o'clock A. M. on Friday of last week. The prosecution tried to show that Mrs. Moore was running a place of amusement similar to a dime museum, and testified to going there for the purpose of exposing and breaking up the seance. The whole forenoon was taken up by complainant's testimony. Only three of defendant's witnesses were examined when at 12:30 court was adjourned until Monday at 9 A. M. The witnesses for defendant gave very strong and positive testimony as to the genuineness of the manifestations and the trial seems to hinge on the point as to whether the seances come under the head of religious meetings or amusements. There were probably one hundred Spiritualists in attendance, showing that they have an interest in the result. As we go to press early Monday morning, we cannot give further particulars. This prosecution is urged on by a Jesuitical Spiritualist, who is as destitute of manhood as he is of spirituality.

## A Great Preacher Dead.

The Rev. Chas. H. Spurgeon, the eloquent London divine, has just died of gout, in the South of France, where he had gone to escape the severity of northern winters. Gout is a disease resulting from high living, with ordinary men; but when it attacks the clergy it is presumed to be a special dispensation of divine Providence, that they may know how ordinary sinners suffer. The press dispatches say the eloquent preacher severed his connection with the Baptist church in 1887, because that denomination tolerated heretical views on the subject of hell. Now, is it not possible, afflicted as he was with gout, that he thought it well to carry over into the next life a portion of the bitter experience of this, to the end that the sufferer should learn humility.

Perhaps one of the grandest expressions that ever fell from human lips was a prayer addressed to the throne of grace, in which the Rev. Spurgeon is represented by his eulogists to have said, after he had taken the Almighty to task for bringing trouble on the British empire: "Thou didst rain hell out of heaven on the cities of the plain. The cities of India are not less vile than they, for they have committed lust and cruelty. Remember this, O God of heaven."

Prompted from so high a source, it is hoped the substantially "Don't you forget it, God," was jotted down in the book of His remembrance.

## Good.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church received from the hands of the Committee on Revision, at its session in New York the other day, an amendment, or rather a substitution, to Section 3, Chapter 12, of its Confession of Faith, in words following:

"Infants dying in infancy, and all other persons who are not guilty of actual transgression, are included in the election of grace, and are saved and regenerated by Christ, through the Spirit who worketh when, and where, and how he pleaseth. So, also, are all other elected persons who are not outwardly called by the ministry of the Word."

Now who shall dare say there is no progress in the church? Jonathan Edwards, with his infant damnation, can have no standing in the Presbyterian church of to-day.

## To My Correspondents.

I wish to say that I have received so many letters inquiring if Mr. Harry Archer could visit their city and give them demonstrations of spirit materialization, and not having the time to reply to each individually, I take this manner to inform all inquirers that Mr. Archer is now in Chicago, at 570 West Lake St., and that arrangements can be made with seekers after truth to hold meetings in cities and towns near Chicago, in the near future, for materialization, by writing to him at the above address.

CHARLES HOWELL.

James Riley, the medium for physical manifestations, at Marcellus, Mich., is our agent, and will receive subscriptions for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

## General Survey.

## The Spiritualistic Field—Workers, Doings, Etc.

Remember, everyone, that, on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done, are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" only of the glorious work being done.

C. C. Chamberlain, Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society of Council Bluffs, Iowa, of which Hugh Brown is President, writes us in regard to the stirring work that Prof. W. M. Lockwood and his gifted wife have been doing in that city. The Professor has just closed a course of fifteen scientific lectures on the forces that lie behind and control all manifestation on the physical plane, of whatever nature. Not only are his arguments logical, but by his enthusiasm he shows that he believes his own assertions. Mr. Lockwood is considered a fine psychic and very reliable.

Geo. W. Wright states the following: "Mrs. H. S. Slosson, who has been known to the public for nearly nine years as one of the best trance mediums, has sold her home at 10 South Ada St., and is on the eve of her departure with her family to Anaconda, Montana. Her many friends who have felt her pure influence as a woman, and all who understand her excellent powers of mediumship, will regret her going away."

Preacher Black, of Quincy, Ill., on a recent Sunday entertained his congregation with a medley of misrepresentation, lies and billingsgate abuse of Spiritualists in the most approved Presbyterian hell-roasting, sulphur-basting style. What would our Presbyterian friends do if they had no devil to blame, no hell in which to torment forever, those who did not accept their wording of belief. From the account of the sermon in the local papers the Reverend is one of those who believes that the whole Bible, from the first word of Genesis to the last word of Revelations, obscenity, blasphemy and error, is the direct inspiration of the Presbyterian God. With clerical facility he quoted the garbled statements of orthodox from the biblical account of the Witch of Endor, to the doings of that infamous farce, the Seybert Commission, whose only two desires seemed to be, to discredit Spiritualism and pocket the fund appropriated for the investigation. As all Christians must do, he admitted everything Spiritualists claim in the premises, and then, with childish fickleness, denied the logical conclusions. Sometime in the future, in the other life, he will wish he had not toned up so intensely the dark blue of his creed.

Prof. Longrigg writes us from Denver, Colo., of the continued success of Jules Wallace in the work he is so nobly doing there, in arousing interest in spiritual philosophy and his startling demonstrations of the truth of existence beyond the grave. The meetings are crowded with eager listeners, who receive something from Mr. Wallace's bountiful store, portioned out for them by their own spirit friends.

R. Spaulding, of this city, writes: "In a late issue of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER there appears an article from John Brown suggesting the erection of a hotel for Spiritualists during the World's Fair. Now, Mr. B., I propose an amendment to your proposition: To build a temple with a large seating capacity; dedicated to the use of humanity, and for the diffusion of the spiritual philosophy. Let it be a permanent structure, to be used as headquarters for Spiritualists. A lease of ground could be made in a locality where the ground floor would rent for enough to pay ground rent, leaving the superstructure free. By putting our mites together, could we not make a beacon light to shine on the dark pathway of superstition and thereby pay part of the debt we owe humanity?"

J. B. Armstrong, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., writes: "Will mediums who are passing from the west to the east from Chicago to Boston, correspond with me? This city is one of the main thoroughfares between those two cities."

S. L. R., of Waverly, N. Y., writes: "The Spiritualists of this vicinity have been having quite a revival. We have had with us Bro. Samuel Wheeler, of Philadelphia, Pa. He has given us some good spiritual ideas. He stopped with us for three Sundays. We kept up the revival by having social meetings in our homes nearly every evening. Speakers passing through here should stop when they can. We will give them a warm welcome."

The Napa (Cal.) *Journal* speaks as follows of Dr. Dean Clark's lectures: "This eloquent and radical speaker gave another thought-stirring discourse last Sunday evening on 'The Living Present and the Dead Past.' He said: 'The great lesson needed to be learned is, that divine revelation, like all things natural, is progressive, and that God inspires men (and women) to-day as much as ever, and that those 'greater things' which Jesus promised, and which they 'could not bear' at his time even, are coming to this more enlightened age, and those who truly follow the examples of Jesus and Paul, and not that of the scribes and Pharisees and Sadducees, will, while conserving the good of all the past, remember that the past is only our schoolmaster, to bring us unto the greater truths of the living present. They will hear the 'voice from heaven,' through the prophets of to-day, saying: 'Let the dead bury their dead; follow me.' If any one shall say: 'We have Moses and the prophets, Christ and the apostles,' we ask, where is the promised 'comforter, the spirit of truth,' that shall give us all knowledge? Surely his is a living voice, and not a dying echo!"

Oscar E. Ackley writes us from Cincinnati, O., giving the details of a seance he participated in, in which Master B. F. Foster, son of the spirit photographer, now in this city, was the medium. The psychic sat under test conditions, and the results were most satisfactory, dematerialization of physical bodies and rematerialization being perfectly accomplished, while many other phenomena of an equally convincing character were produced. The writer concludes by saying, "Then a knife was

called for, with which to release the medium, and when he came forth his hands were a blue black from being tied too tightly." This tying up of mediums, to our thinking, borders closely on personal outrage. We know of one medium whose hands are partially paralyzed by such conditions. Is it not sufficient for a medium to be courageous enough to step out into the great unknown without leaving the body in suffering while absent? Those who desire tests of this kind are never convinced nor satisfied. Those who believe in the reality of the phenomena are content to leave any attempted fraud in the hands of those who most truly and certainly demand explanation of the transgressor.

Frank T. Ripley, who is doing efficient service in St. Paul, Minn., writes: "What a large subscription list your paper has got. I predict that it will almost double before 1893."

W. F. Whitall writes: "I walked about three miles to secure three of these subscriptions, but the steps were cheerfully taken. It is my first attempt at soliciting for a paper. Give the people as good a paper as in the past, and the 50,000 is assured. I should like to see the subscription list double that amount." Thanks, brother, for your efforts in our behalf.

Effie F. Josslyn, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "I have just returned from Lansing and find that improvements are going steadily on and that the prospects are good for a much larger camp next season. We have our Sunday speakers engaged and will have in addition a large list of speakers for week days. We are making arrangements for slate-writers and various phases of mediumship. The work in this city goes bravely on. Mr. Howe excelled all former lectures on his last Sunday and he has done a good work for us. Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings is our speaker for February. Mrs. F. V. Jackson and Mrs. E. A. Payne have been doing excellent work in the meetings. While the maintaining of such a work as ours, in putting the best speakers on our rostrum, involves much self-sacrifice, we find we are rewarded in the wealth of love and kindness that we have received from our friends everywhere. Mrs. Bible's transition was considerable of a blow, and yet it must be well with her at least, and her friends know they have one more over there to welcome them."

Citizen writes from Keokuk, Iowa: "Spiritualism in Keokuk has not as yet got a very strong foothold. Among our small number there have developed two very strong mediums, one a trance speaker and clairvoyant, the other a materializing medium of the first class. She possesses many phases, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, trance speaking and singing. Voices come from the cabinet, strong and clear, that can be heard two blocks away. She has been put under the most strict tests with the same results. We Spiritualists, here in Keokuk, have that confidence in Mrs. W. L. Thompson's mediumship that we feel proud and truly believe that we have one of the best mediums that can be produced East or West. We hold regular seances every Wednesday and Sunday evening at the medium's residence, No. 811 Main St."

J. H. Guthrie, of this city, writes: "The friends on the West Side were given a rare musical treat on last Sunday at Bricklayer's Hall, consisting of quartettes, duets, solos and instrumental selections under the direction of Miss Alice Jenifer, our obliging and efficient musical director, assisted by Prof. H. A. Tolman, Mr. Eli Guggenheimer, and Misses L. B. Tolman, Lena Handy and Tatta Dimo. Interesting remarks were made by Mrs. Helm, Mrs. DeWolf, Prof. Chas. Foster, Prof. Van Horn and others. Everybody was well pleased."

State missionary G. H. Brooks, who has been lecturing at Shawneetown, Ill., went from there to Effingham, Ill.

Moses and Mattie Hull have an engagement at St. Louis, Mo. They seem to be doing a most excellent work.

Elmer W. Hohl, independent slate-writer, is now located at No. 570 W. Lake St. Mr. Archer, the materializing medium, is at the same number.

K. Thompson writes as follows from Oakland, Cal.: "The Union Spiritual Society are having splendid meetings lately. Mr. B. U. Barney, of San Francisco, occupied the rostrum last Sunday, Jan. 27, and gave some good psychometric readings and tests. The hall was packed to the doors. A very short time after the meeting opened it was announced that standing room only was to be had. All coming to the coast are cordially invited to visit us. We meet at 918 Washington St., Oakland, Cal."

Oscar A. Edgerly, who has filled a very successful engagement at Duluth, Minn., passed through this city one day last week, on his way to Buffalo, N. Y., where he will lecture during the present month.

Geo. Ingham, of Cleveland, O., writes: "The Spiritual Progressive Thought Society of Cleveland, O., have rented a hall in Welber block, No. 483 Pearl St., and hold meetings every Sunday at 2:30 P. M. sharp, and also for socials every 2d and 4th Friday afternoon of each month, seats free. In behalf of the members of the society the writer extends the hand of fellowship to all public speakers and mediums who can give light and prove our beautiful philosophy. To all such our hall is free."

J. A. Fletcher writes: "Why don't you moneyed, wide-awake Spiritualists of Chicago build and have ready for the World's Fair a Temple that will seat at least 5,000 people, and show to the world that Spiritualism and Spiritualists stand at the head for large and intelligent audiences?"

If our good Brother Fletcher will ask us something easy, we will try to answer him.

Just as we are closing our forms we receive a postal card from Frank G. Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio, giving an account of the celebration of the 153th anniversary of Thomas Paine's birthday by the Spiritual Progressive Thought Society of that city, at Welber Hall. The programme was a long, varied and interesting one, and illustrates how we like men after they are dead.

E. W. Baldwin, of Liberal, Mo., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Aber, of Spring Hill, Kansas.

Willard J. Hull speaks for the Norwich (Ct.) Spiritualist Society during the Sundays of February, and will accept calls for week-evening lectures during his stay there. He can be addressed at 7 Thames St., Norwich, Ct.

Thanks, many, Bro. Campbell, for list of subscribers from Little Rock, Ark.



Dr. Willis's lectures before the First Society of Spiritualists are creating great interest.

James Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., writes: "I just came home yesterday from a very pleasant trip in the north part of our State. I found many friends seeking to solve the problem that, if we die, we shall live again. Mr. A. S. Johnson, of Macosta, in whose home I gave my seances, is a progressive Spiritualist, and too much cannot be said in praise of him and his wife."

We always like to hear from the East. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is getting a large foothold there. Bro. Richards sends us a good list from New London, Ct., for which he has our thanks. He writes: "We have got old theology on the run, and now, if we can kill all of the gods but science, then we can have hope."

Jan. 10, 1892, Mrs. Almira E. Hooker, of South Cabot, Vt., passed to the higher life at the age of 78 years, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. K. Hall, Hardwick, Vt., where, Jan. 12th, appropriate respect was paid to the mortal form, by a fine address by Lucius Colburn, and choice selections of music from Longley's favorite songs. Mrs. Hooker was an earnest Spiritualist, and often communed with the angels and her loved ones through her kind friend, Mr. Colburn, and other mediums. She was the mother of eleven children; six sons and three daughters still remain on this side of life. A goodly number of them are earnest Spiritualists. One of these sons is an eminent physician at Waterbury, Vt. About five years ago, Mrs. Hooker became identified with Queen City Park Campmeeting. She was a kind neighbor, a great lover of humanity and a noble, good, kind mother, much loved by all her children.

Under date of Feb. 3d, Lansing, Mich., A. J. Champion, C. W. Ayers, C. M. Schooley, F. E. Schooley, May E. Ayers and Elizabeth I. Champion, unite in the following endorsement of the medium Archer: "We have just attended a seance of Mr. Harry Archer in this city, composed of invited guests, twenty in number, half of whom were Court members. Mr. Archer was thoroughly searched, and there was not a semblance of fraud during the seance, and we were satisfied that neither he nor Mr. Cole with him had anything to do with the production of the forms that manifested. There were many forms came out of the cabinet, and we believe Mr. Archer to be an honest medium, and, under proper conditions, can produce satisfactory manifestations."

Friend Seibert, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes us to urge the organization so many good Spiritualists are thinking and talking about. His arguments go to prove that the great necessity for our people, the progressive thinkers of the world, is an organization that will not crystallize into a hide-bound sect, whose shibboleth would be: Thus saith Pope, This or That. Organization is the Charlydis and Scylla of this modern day. From the thought coming to us from all quarters, it would seem that the Spirit-world have some plan they will give us in their own good time. Mr. Seibert says: "The more we express the great 'I am,' the nearer right we are. Until then, and not till then, nor by any other method or methods, can we deal justly with one another. Thus, we could organize, and arise to a better, a higher plane, and build up a stronghold of pure and good action."

We have a notice from J. D. Sketcheley, of Webster City, Iowa, speaking of the labors in that place of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, of Grand Rapids. They have proved both interesting and profitable. Mrs. Elsie Reynolds's materializing seances in this city are giving great satisfaction.

Wm. Allen, of Montpelier, Ind., sends us a communication arguing against Sunday closing of the World's Fair. We wish we had space to publish it in full, but we must simply content ourselves with a notice. If our correspondents could see the number of manuscripts that come, notwithstanding the amount it takes to fill our immense reading space, they would take pains to boil it down.

#### Sunday and the Exposition.

Dr. S. A. Hoover sends us an able resume of the arguments against Sunday closing of the World's Columbian Exposition. We only wish our space would allow of the publication of the article in full. But we must content ourselves in the pressure of other matters with giving a brief summary:

"There is no particular holiness in Sunday which quiet enjoyment would desecrate. It is accepted as a day of rest. Rest is fully accomplished by a change of occupation, such as would result from a visit to the great halls of the Exposition. Thousands and thousands of toilers, men and women, will not be able to attend any other day, on account of the cost, for if the expense is added to the loss of wages from lost time, then it would be more than the working man or woman could afford, and thus the busy brains which might evolve some new ideas for the benefit of the race, would be cut off entirely."

"In the matter of moral obligation, there has been too much of an attempt at supervision by others. Every man is for himself responsible in regard to the things of the spirit. It would be the height of folly for the directors to close the Fair on Sunday, at the bidding of any clique of religionists. It would be contrary to the genius of the country to cut off privileges from the people. Let those who desire the suffrages of the people now or in the future beware how they take such a step. Then it would in the total be an immense financial loss."

#### The Work in Cincinnati.

Our agent at Douglas Castle Hall, in Cincinnati, Mrs. Kate Gill, sends, with a long list of new subscribers to THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, a glowing account of the increasing interest there in the Spiritual Philosophy, under the enthusiastic ministrations of Mrs. Ada Sheehan. She says: "The hall has been packed clear out into the ante-rooms, for several Sunday afternoons, with a most intelligent audience, eager to catch the spiritual truth, as it flowed from our enthusiastic speaker, Mrs. Sheehan, to able assistants. Mrs. Sheehan is a most popular, and, I may say, grand, glorious, with the truth, each thousands more, and thus a magnificent missionary work and breadth of our land."



#### SCINTILLATIONS.

Sparks from Col. Ingersoll.

THE RIGHT OF THINKING FOR ONE'S SELF.

Now, imagine for one moment the impudence of a human being claiming the right to think for himself who will not give it to other people. Now, if I have not the right who has? Can I get the right by uniting with a few other people in building a little church and putting a steeple on it and a bell in it? If each individual has not the right, then I say combined they have not the right. If each human being on the earth has not the right to think, then the whole world has not the right to thought. All I claim is that each man be honest with himself. There was a gentleman, a nice man, a minister, who asked me if I did not believe the Bible, and I told him frankly I did not; and he said to me: "If you do not believe it you ought not to say it." "Pretty good," I said. "Do you believe it?" He said he did. I said: "I do not know whether you do or not; maybe you are following the advice you gave me." And do you know I shall die without knowing whether that minister believes the Bible or not.

Now, I say to them: Suppose I go to Turkey and they give me the Koran and say read it, and I read it carefully, and they ask me: "Do you believe it?" Now, if I did not believe it, what ought I to say?—no matter whether I wanted office in Turkey or not? What ought I to say and preserve my manhood? Why, of course, you say you don't believe it. Well, off in the United States I read your book, and when I get through and don't believe it, what ought I to say? Well, they said: "It will be better for you if you keep still." Now, that is all I claim, liberty for every human being. When you destroy liberty of mind it has the same effect upon the progress of the world that it would upon the course of the Mississippi if you destroy all the little streams that feed it. If you could destroy all the springs that feed the great ocean it would become sand; so it is with the information of the world; it comes from individual brains; they are the springs and fountains. It is the duty of every man to tell what he knows, that he may add to the sum of human knowledge, to which all contribute, and from which all may draw.

HONEST BELIEF VS. HYPOCRISY.

If there is in heaven an infinite being, he never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites. Honest unbelief will be a perfume in heaven when hypocrisy, no matter how religious it may be, will be a stench. That is my doctrine. That is all there is to it; give every other human being all the chance you claim for yourself; to keep your mind open to the voices of nature, to new ideas, to new thoughts, and to improve upon your doctrine whenever you can. That is my doctrine.

But we are advancing, and we are beginning to hold all kinds of slavery in utter contempt: do you know that? And we are beginning to question wealth and power; we are questioning all creeds and all dogmas; and we are not bowing down as we used to to a man simply because he is in the robe of a clergyman, and we are not bowing down to a man now simply because he is a king. No! We are not bowing down simply because he is rich.

When I think of how much this world has suffered I am amazed. When I think of how long our fathers were slaves I am amazed. Why, just think of it! This world has only been fit for a gentleman to live in for about twenty-eight years. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade. Up to that time her judges sitting upon the bench in the name of justice, her priests occupying the pulpit in the name of universal love, owned stock in slave-ships and luxuriated in the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the year 1808 that the United States abolished the slave trade between it as between the States. It was not until August 28, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in the colonies; and it was not until Jan. 1, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln wiped from our flag the stigma of disgrace. Abraham Lincoln—in my judgment the greatest man ever President of the United States, and upon whose monument these words could truthfully be written: Here lies the only man in the history of the world who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy. Think, I say, how long we clung to the institution of human slavery; how long lashes upon the naked back were the legal tender for labor performed.

#### THE LIBERTY OF BODY.

And let me tell you to-night what I mean by the liberty of body. It is to give to every man what he earns with his hands. And this great question of division has got to be settled even in the United States. Capital takes too much; labor gets too little. Labor will not always live in the hut, with capital dwelling in a palace. Flesh and blood are more sacred than gold, and the time will come when the law will see that every man has a right to life, liberty, and not only the pursuit of happiness, but the right to catch some of it before he dies. I want to live until there is such a thing as the aristocracy of labor. I want to live until I find an aristocracy of honesty, of generosity, an aristocracy of intelligence; an aristocracy of heart and brain. I am sick of the old kind. I had it long enough. I want liberty for every man. I do not believe in the law of supply and demand as applied to flesh and blood. If they who toll cannot have some of the good things of this world then I do not want anybody to have them.

But if men have been slaves, what about women—the slaves of slaves? Let me say right here, to-night, I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human advancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage. Let me say right here—and I have thought a good deal about it—let me say right here, the grandest ambition that any man can possibly have is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea, and there is no success in life without it. If you are the grand Emperor of the world, you had better be the grand emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the grand empress of yours. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world—I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar—his life has been a success. I say it took millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons are but the souvenirs of your mothers' bondage. The chains around your necks and the bracelets clasped upon your wrists by the thrilling hand of love have been changed by the hand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold; but nearly every religion has accounted for the devilment in this world by the crime of woman. What a gallant thing that is! And if it is true, I would rather live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble than to live in heaven with nobody but men.

#### MAN.

##### His True Measure.

##### Is He in the Gutter from Choice?

We measure a moral man by his ability to withstand and overcome temptation. He is rewarded by the amount withstood and overcome in proportion to his ability. He is punished or held responsible for not overcoming that for which he had the ability. To say that all men are endowed with faculties susceptible of equal development. That all men are not endowed with faculties susceptible of equal development is demonstrated on every hand. A family of children reared under the same parental roof, receiving in common the same parental instruction, educated in the same school and surrounded by like circumstances so far as practicable, yet we can see that their developments are not paralleled by each other, but diverge in various directions. One shows great development and an ability to master mathematics; another the languages; another artistic work, etc., etc. This starts us in search for the cause of this variance, and we have to lodge that cause in the make-up of their physical organism. Some of our orthodox friends assert that man was created with a perfect physical organism, with the privilege to preserve or destroy it, and that by a violation of the laws of his being he has degenerated from his primitive state and brought upon himself and his posterity this deformity of body and mind, and consequently is responsible for his own present condition.

It is true to a certain extent that man holds the key to his own physical destiny and that of his future posterity; that is, by living in obedience to the laws of his being he may confer a blessing on himself and hand the same down to future generations. If I, by a violation of the laws of my being, contaminate my blood so that my posterity inherit disease, insanity and deformity through crimes I have committed, who is responsible? Certainly not my posterity; neither are they held responsible for the accomplishment of future good which they would have had the ability to do had they not inherited a disqualification resulting from said parents' abuse of the laws of his being. That child because a creature of circumstances and must take advantage of his being and of the conditions and circumstances that surround him, and he is responsible only for the ability that has been handed down to him.

To say that man is not a creature of circumstances, is to say that a child deformed at birth and born without legs should be a message boy, and one without arms a blacksmith. The legless boy's ability is not in locomotion; neither is he held responsible for the non-performance of anything that demands such action. We can draw no inference from the teachings of Christ or his Apostles that man is a free moral agent, for we read, "to whom but little is given, but little is required;" in other words, of him whose ability is small, but small results are required. Again, "he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin;" in other words, he that hath the ability to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. The widow who cast in her mite was judged in her ability and rewarded in her giving.

But, say one, we are to "judge a tree by its fruits." Yes, and you always consider the quality without regard to the quantity. Let us draw a kindergarten lesson. If I were going to plant an orchard, I would select trees with reference to their ability from their nature to produce the desired quantity and quality, considering the climate, soil, and all the surroundings in which they were to be placed. A tree that produced a fine quality of fruit, but had not the ability from its nature and its surroundings to bear more than one or two apples, or perhaps, once in five or six years, must give way to a variety of a more productive ability. After carefully considering this question and concluding that man is a creature of circumstances, had we not better stop and reflect a moment before casting our vile epithets, curses, scorn and disdain upon the man that is overtaken in vice, drunkenness and debauchery, and see whether or not he has the ability to withstand and overcome these temptations. Perhaps such an investigation would reveal the fact that his ancestors had reeled in those vices and indulged in alcoholic stimulants until they had imparted and cursed their posterity with that deformed appetite and passionate desire. We do not know what temptations the man who is well-to-do in the gutter is withstanding and overcoming; he may have an incentive to murder his wife and children; to be a fire-bomb; rob, steal, pillage and plunder. Perhaps he has battled with all of these, and has withstood and overcome all except one, that cursed deformed and hereditary appetite which remains master of the situation. So we know not without an investigation but that the man in the gutter may be withstanding and overcoming more of temptations and may be considered more of a moral hero than the minister in the pulpit who has not been subjected to like temptations.

A great many troubles arise and people lose confidence in men from an improper understanding of this subject. They select for positions of great temptations him who is commonly called a good moral man: one who has passive goodness, either not having had any incentive to do wrong or never having had temptation thrown in his way, consequently never having demonstrated his power to combat and overcome it. He takes his place, temptations arise, his inability to combat and overcome manifests itself, a shortage occurs, a defaulter is added to the list, and "Whom can we trust?" is heard on every hand.

When we learn to judge men from their ability, and reward or condemn them by their works, then we shall have arrived at the true measure of man. So let us not judge too hastily and point the finger of scorn, turn a cold shoulder or bolt the door against the one that is overtaken; but let the strong divide his ability with the weak and lend a helping hand, lest the Great Moral Balance be struck and the credit side belong to the man in the gutter. J. H. TEAGARDEN. Boulder, Colo.

#### ON THE BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS.

BY ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

I stand on the Mountains of Gladness;  
I stand on the Hills of Love;  
From the shadows that once were around me  
And darkened the light from above.

I have stood alone in the valley,  
The sunlight all hid from my sky;  
But now I stand on the mountains,  
And feel not the brush of a sigh.

I stand on the beautiful mountains,  
All freed from the wrath of the past;  
And I hear not the low sob of sorrow  
That seemed to me fated to last.

I stand on the beautiful mountains  
And feel not the rain nor the hail  
That darken my soul and its vision;  
They are resting themselves in the vale.

As I stand on the beautiful mountains,  
I hear from the valley below  
A call, from the voices of memory—  
From an angel, in song sweet and low.

From the spicy shores that have fanned him,  
With the breath of the long, long ago,  
I hear sweet music from harpers  
Which awaken my heart's deepest flow.

I stand on the beautiful mountains  
And look back the curtains that fall  
'Twixt the here and the there, my beloved,  
As I hear from your bright home the call.

I stand on the beautiful mountains;  
There I'll wait till you reach out to me  
The hands that have clasped mine in sweet-  
ness,  
On the shore of life's glorified sea.

Those hands I clasped in their beauty  
As you reached them the last time to me;  
Then entered the pale boat of mystery  
That sailed homeward across the bright sea.

When my soul, pure like the diamonds,  
Shall shine in its glad glory again,  
We'll stand on the beautiful mountains  
Bound together with love's golden chain.

We'll stand on the beautiful mountains,  
That's bathed in the sunlight of God,  
And rejoice that we come from the valley  
With sheaves that are bound with His love.

I stand on the beautiful mountains  
And count o'er the gems I have won;  
They are mine; I'll wear them forever,  
When this life is folded and gone.

#### A Voice from San Francisco.

TO THE EDITOR:—I want to write and tell you how pleased and delighted I am with THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. I must say that with any exception it is the best paper I ever read; it is so full of interesting and profitable reading. I want to tell you, too, that I am in full sympathy with it. Its contents are like "new wine," infusing my whole being. I look for it each week with all the eagerness of a child. I would rather do without any other paper. Oh, how I wish it could be read by everybody on this earth, and the people receive the spirit of the new wine. How I rejoice in your success, and with what big lump of joy I feel this morning. Little did I think, brother Francis, when I last saw you that this grand, glorious work would be your life and destiny—this large unfoldment in your brain! I am chuck full of love for the new-born child.

It has always appeared to me that you were chosen by the Spirit-world for this marvelous movement to teach the people a grander and richer Spiritualism. Then, again, I want to tell you that your paper is going to wing its way over the whole land, and will be the leading journal of this age. We are told, under the direction of spirit guides, that THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER was born a "spirit child," will be growing larger, progressing constantly and win the deserved victory; loved and admired by all its numerous readers, revolutionizing old crumbling beliefs, spiritualizing Spiritualists, and the whole heaven which those on the other side crave. The voice further says that within a short space there will be another "New Revolution" born, combined with a still larger paper. Allow me to say that I am greeted by an intelligence when I take the paper in my hands. To me it all seems very strange and arouses a new train of thought. Such statements have been made to us so often since we have been a subscriber to it. I am now full of confidence that it is not delusion, but I do not comprehend these things. I do not pretend to "gifts of prophecy;" would not for the world have you so infer. But we think the success attending the new-born child warrants a reasonable hope of a stronger growth. I feel the greatest interest in it in the light of the world. With the help of loved ones on both sides of life, may you receive the highest truths attainable that lead to the higher and better life.

L. REYNOLDS.

Mrs. E. M. Carr writes: "We are not Spiritualists, but I do hope we are liberals, in the best sense of that word, willing to progress and learn, and the way to do that is to be constantly gaining new ideas and retaining that which is good; also striving to help others to see to the light."

#### MIND AND MATTER.

##### The Persistence of Force Considered.

Science deals with matter; it knows no spirit; considers it beyond the field of scientific demonstration. The leaders in science, as a general thing, have all been materialists. They have evolved the law of evolution, and it is considered the true order of things, that has brought the universe to its present state from the primordial, fiery mist; they see no need of a God, Creator or intelligent first cause; evolution accounts for it all; the bottom thing from which it all proceeds is the persistence of force; that is, the unific nebulae containing potentially all the outcome of phenomena and life as we see it to-day. Herbert Spencer stands as high as any living man as a thinker and scientific reasoner. He starts with the persistence of force as the unific idea, the great first cause of all things, under the law of evolution; all things, all phenomena, have proceeded logically from the persistence of force. He encounters mind, which he admits does not come from matter. His system starts with force. He says that between mind and matter there is a chasm which logic cannot cross; that is, cannot be deduced from his system; yet, in the evolution of things, he is obliged to cross that chasm; for, starting with the persistence of force alone, he is obliged somewhere to obtain mind as an outcome; starting therefrom on a premise that does not include mind, no mind can logically be deduced.

Herbert Spencer has with great elaboration made the attempt to unify all human knowledge to a single principle, that, as we have said, of persistence of force. A writer in the Century Magazine criticizes this able scientist, and says the bare statement is stupendous, and the execution is the most brilliant and daring philosophic achievement of this or any other age. It is moreover an attempt in line with the scientific thought of the day. Such unity is the dream of science.

This critic appears to be both wise and scientific. He says there is mind in the universe. Mr. Spencer admits it, and cannot logically deduce it from matter, or force; while, if he could underlie his force with mind, it would be just as scientific, and then the mind we find in ourselves and outside of us, could be logically deduced from the system, and the persistence of mind would be as unific and as scientific as the persistence of force; which would also make science theistic, which is now so generally atheistic or materialistic.

This Century critic expresses his formula in this way, which I think is well stated: "The universe in all its parts is the visible manifestation to us of underlying mind, and all interpretation by us of the phenomena of nature should, therefore, be guided by the assumption of underlying purpose." It seems to me that science is fast coming to this point; it is on the confines of matter, and senses, at least, something beyond it. One eminent scientist speaks of the penumbra of the mundane field, something there bordering on matter, suggesting "Arion's Footfalls." It seems as if science was about opening its eyes to find the universe a sphere instead of a hemisphere, spirit as well as matter. Thought and feeling, that which is highest and most distinctive in man, the scientific materialist can give no rational account of. Mind as insoluble mystery, as Spencer is forced to admit, is found in connection with matter, and that is all science knows about it.

The Darwinian idea is a good one, and very logical from the persistence of force; the toadstool and thistle were probably our physical ancestors; our origin was very lowly, from vegetable through animal to the human; but man is something besides matter; he has mind, intelligence—in a word, a spirit that was not deduced from matter; that must have come from a higher source. Here was where Professor Wallace differed from Darwin; both, unknown to each other, were in the same line of research, and came to the same idea; but the mind or spirit found in man could not be deduced from the toadstool, the thistle or the ape. Wallace thought that was implanted in him in his descent at a later date. This would seem to be a deific act, but was not as favorably received by science as the Darwinian idea, because science is not inclined to be theistic. It doesn't seem to accord with the law of evolution on a material basis, but becomes perfectly so by the underlying force with mind, as the Century critic suggests, and which I think will be the eventual conclusion of science, which will make it theistic, as evolution can be theistic as well as atheistic, and be the more acceptable.

The highest thing to be found in man or in the universe is mind or intelligence, and it must come from some source. Herbert Spencer cannot deduce it from his system of persistence of force. A stream never rises higher than its source. As there is intelligence here, and it cannot be deduced from matter, it must have had its source in higher intelligence, and it would seem as if it were scientific to assume its source to be infinite intelligence, and that expresses the rational idea of God.

JOHN WETHERBEE.



#### TEMPLE OF THE MAGI.

TO SEEKERS AFTER LIGHT:—Friends, I wish to explain the reason why you have not received your papers and bulletins as soon as you expected. A broken shaft in the printing office caused a delay in all our printing. The bulletin was ten days behind on account of our being so driven with work. When the thousands of readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER make up their minds to write to some person, there is no half-way about it, they just literally pile the letters up around him. We are in that condition. Please be patient and give us time to wade through. If any one does not receive what they have ordered, it is among the mail, going astray one way or the other. We do our best to direct matter plainly.

Yours fraternally,

O. H. RICHMOND.

#### JEHOVAH AND LUCIFER.

##### A Suggestive Symbol.

I have faith in symbols, whether they appear to me in dreams or clairvoyantly; I cannot help it. I want to bed one evening thinking of the Jewish God, Jehovah, and his other part which the staid old Samuel called "the evil split of God," and wondering what Jehovah and his other self were doing just now. I had been raised an orthodox, and up to a few years ago had leanings anent these peculiar creeds and dogmas, but Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" set me to thinking very seriously of the fall of man, vicarious atonement, eternal punishment, etc., and I became rather agnostic. Then, while entirely alone, I unconsciously became developed into a spiritual medium of various phases, and naturally now hold different views of the Devil, or Lucifer, etc., than I once did. This much by way of introduction; now for the symbol and its elucidation:

"This world is one vast market-place—look out that you don't get sold."

Is this life but a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given,  
To lure him from the scenes of earth  
And peer him at the door of heaven?

I dreamed that I was walking in the streets of a large city, on what appeared to be a gala day of some sort. The people by thousands thronged the streets. Flags and banners of all nations waved gaily in the summer breeze. Ah! it is "show day," and yonder comes the procession. But what strange metamorphosis is this? That vast city is the procession, and an army of horses of all descriptions labor gallantly to draw the load. What strange names the horses have! Kong-fut-se, Budhi, Zerdusht, Ariel, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, Dya-Khan, Brahm, Ohm, Benthall, Izth, Jupiter, Jove, Juno, Ahbrammad, Jeshu, and—yes, Jehovah and Lucifer, and hundreds of others. Why, these are the names of men, not of horses! But no matter.

Suddenly I find myself riding a black horse called Jehovah; he is restless, and I soon change him for Lucifer, a fine gray animal. Jehovah continues restless and kicks and bites at Lucifer, who returns the compliment, and my legs get in the way, and I kick. Along comes the manager of the show, who tells me to get off till another horse is placed between Jehovah and Lucifer; I do so, and the howling mob comprising most of the procession shout approval of the change, but a few philosophically consider the matter as one of not much importance, inasmuch as it does not in the least affect the onward march of the procession.

"Just see how many leaders there are ahead of us whose names ye know not; grand, noble souls, yet ye screech withal because those two cannot agree," said one gray-haired man to the unthinking crew. "Ha! the procession is past, and out of sight in the grove beyond where they say the tents are pitched."

That city, that motley procession, represents the world, philosophers and fools, bad and good, grave and gay. The vast army of horses represent the reformers, teachers and martyrs who have figured in the world's history as redeemers of their fellow-men. They are literally and truly pulling the hosts of humanity onward and upward to enlightenment from savagery. I have no doubt but that there once lived in the long ago two men named Jehovah or Iahveh, and Lucifer or Lux Phorus, who were teachers and leaders of their race, Iahveh of the Jewish, and Lux Phorus of the portion amalgamated with the Grecio-Romans. Ecclesiastical mythologists, long after the departure of these two souls to the upper world, formed a creed whereby they might hold dominion over the minds of their followers. Iahveh they called the very and true God, and as Lux Phorus was the wisest, he was given the credit of being a searcher into hidden and mystic things, therefore he was a forbidden personage for man's counsel, a demon, a doer of evil, hence devil. The rupture between these two leaders represents the change in religious opinion regarding the actual partnership or co-operation supposed to exist between them, in which first one is victorious and then the other, the world now beginning to know them in the true way.

Defiance, O. U. G. FIGLEY.

#### Spiritualism Prospering.

TO THE EDITOR:—The cause of Spiritualism is prospering in our city under the efficient management of F. J. Underwood, President of the Society, notwithstanding a statement to the contrary by one of your correspondents. I am sorry she did not know more about the cause here before she sent the statements she did. I will say in order to counteract any impressions your readers may have formed derogatory to our society, that I organized the same Oct. 25, 1890, with twenty members. There are now nearly seventy-five names on the roll. We have had two lectures each Sunday except during the heated term of the summer. Prof. J. M. Allen has filled our rostrum very ably during December and January. There are many developing circles carried on in our midst. One gentleman said to me that he was a member of a developing class; that they had only been sitting five months, and were now getting full-form materializations.

Allow me to suggest to those desiring to investigate this wonderful phenomena, to form circles in their own homes, and I venture to assert that eight out of every ten families will get some demonstration,—enough to convince them that their friends whom they had considered dead are yet living and ready and willing to manifest whenever they have the opportunity and conditions.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the leading Spiritualist paper here, and it is always a welcome guest to its many readers.

W. J. BLACK.

#### It Ought to Have Been \$1,000.

Read the thankful words of Mrs. Anna Lord Chamberlain on the 13th page. If each of our readers had contributed five cents, what a grand testimonial it would have been to one in every way worthy. We want to educate in our readers a benevolent spirit; each giving only a small sum, the aggregate will be great. Mrs. Chamberlain, up to date, has received the following:

In sums of 10 cents to \$5..... 67.20  
A lady friend from Lewiston, Me. 25.00  
A friend from Brockton, Mass. 15.00  
Total.....\$107.20



## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

DEAR READER: When the word "Finis" shall be written at the close of these chapters, I will then ask you to give me credit for just what they are worth—no more. I am wedded to no creed, political or theological. I am bound by no bonds that cramp my freedom of thought or expression of the same. I accept the truth in whatever guise it may appear, whether in robes bespangled with jewels, or clothed in rags, dirty and filthy. I try, as far as my nature will allow me to do so, to lay aside my early education and prejudice, and look at all questions that come before my mind honestly and impartially, and by so doing, give each side of the issue a full and complete hearing.

Among my friends with whom I am quite intimate, socially, are a number of orthodox ministers. These ministers are good, social, kind, well-meaning men, and though they do not agree with me in my radical or spiritualistic ideas, I think they respect me for their candid and fearless expression. One evening, a few months ago, one of these ministerial friends called upon me and invited me to attend with him a prayer meeting at the house of a neighbor, which he had appointed for a special purpose. This invitation I respectfully declined.

Said the Elder: "You seem reluctant to attend these meetings; do you not like them, do you?"

"No, Elder, I do not like them. I do not desire to attend them; in fact, I despise them from the bottom of my heart."

"Why do you despise them, and what is there about them so distasteful to you?"

"Elder, I will give you my reason, which is a simple one. Suppose that, some fifty years ago, you had heard me deliver a speech on a subject which, at the time, you might have felt somewhat interested in. Then suppose you had heard me or some one else repeat that same speech, over and over, every day in succession for fifty years, or down to the present time, making a repetition of the same some 18,250 times, would you have any desire to go far out of your way to hear the same repeated again? Would not the subject be pretty well worn out by this time?"

"Yes, I should think so."

"Well, Elder, I commenced hearing these prayers that you repeat in your churches more than fifty years ago, and I have heard them on an average of at least one day during the whole time, and I have about lost my interest in them entirely. It is true the sentences are not always joined together in precisely the same manner, but the substance is just the same that it was fifty years ago, and in many of the churches where the prayers are printed and read the words are precisely the same. Can you wonder, then, that I have no desire to hear these vain repetitions any more?"

He was silent and thoughtful a few moments, then he replied: "Looking at the matter from the manner you present it, I do not see that I could blame you; but we Christians are governed by other and far different motives. We believe these meetings and this form of prayer to be a duty incumbent on us to perform, and in accordance with God's word and express commands, and that His blessings follow these prayers, and we are amply rewarded every time we address the throne of grace."

"Well, Elder! Let me say to you that I believe you are an honest man, and that you try to do your duty to your God, your neighbor and yourself, and are truly and religiously devoted, and for this reason I respect your feelings as sacredly as I do my own. Your ideas are just as worthy of respect as are those of a saint, a bishop or a king. I am well aware that I am far from perfection in my reasonings and my conclusions, hence would learn all I can. Will you be so kind as to call my attention to one single instance where Christ, your divine Master, and the head of your church, ever recommended praying in public as a religious duty, or spoke of its neglect as something sinful? At the separation of the righteous from the wicked at the last day, the matter of prayer was not called up or even mentioned, was it? In fact, Elder, did not Christ condemn the practice? Did he not call those that engaged in the practice 'hypocrites,' serpents and vipers, and inquire as to how they could escape the damnation of hell?" After thinking a few moments he said:

"So far as I can see, Christ did not expressly command his followers to pray in public; but you are, no doubt, aware that he told them to enter their closet and pray in secret, while the Bible, taken as the whole word of God, seems to favor the uttering of prayers in public, and the church, of which I am a member, inculcates that line of conduct as a moral and religious duty. From my childhood I have always been taught that praying in public is an admission to the world that we are not ashamed of Christ, our Master, or his teachings. We call it taking up our cross for Jesus' sake."

"Elder, it does really seem strange to me that your church should honor Christ by disobedience of his express commands. Do you not know that he did not even command his followers to enter a closet and pray in secret, but knowing that they would pray, anyhow, of the two evils he chose the least, and his charge to them was: 'But thou, when thou prayest,' etc. Are you not aware also that when they did pray they were required to ask their Father to forgive their trespasses, precisely as they forgive all those that trespassed against them. Said Christ: 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses. If this assertion is true (and it ought to be), heaven will be quite a lonely place, and the other locality immensely crowded. Just think the matter over, Elder, and note how few praying Christians or scoffing infidels obey or pay any regard to this, the grandest of all injunctions? If they utter the words: 'Forgive us our tres-

passes as we forgive others,' and this prayer is answered, the fate that awaits them is dreadful indeed. And now, Elder, a few questions come to my mind that I would love to have answered consistently. As I seek the truth only, and am honest and sincere, will I impose upon your patience if I ask them?"

"No, I think not, as I love to impart all the information I can to the honest seeker or investigator."

"Elder, can your God hear you when you repeat your prayers, and can he note every word you say as you utter them?"

"Of course he can; for, if he could not hear them and answer them, too, of what use would it be for us to utter them?"

"Does this one God govern and control the whole of this limitless, boundless universe?"

"Yes. Did he not create the same, as the bible says, in six days; sun, moon and stars?"

"Well, friend, astronomers say that this planet which we inhabit is a small one compared with the millions of others moving in space; and it is asserted by those claiming to know the fact that there are about three hundred and eighty millions of Christians on this planet who utter, each one of them, at least one formal prayer every twenty-four hours. Would this supposition to you seem unreasonable?"

"No, I think not."

"Then, did you ever figure out just what fractional part of a second God (working every moment) would have to devote to each separate prayer or petition?"

"No, I did not. I never thought of such a thing."

"My good, honest friend, just think of the trillions of other worlds under the care and supervision of this God, the inhabitants of the same demanding his fatherly care to the same extent as do those of our planet. Then fancy, if you can, how tired the poor creature must be now, after so many years toil? If, after working only six days, he was so tired he had to rest a whole day, how tired he must be now attending to the wants and cries of his eternally-begging children, who are never satisfied? How much time, think you, this God can spare from his ordinary line of action to attend camp meetings and revivals, and aid his good servants in their work? How would it do, Elder, to quit formal prayer in public for a whole year, and for ministers to preach as many sermons as they have uttered prayers from these glorious old texts: 'For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me. I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'"

"We unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, For ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers, therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." Open your service every time without prayer, and read the story of the Good Samaritan instead, and call attention to the beautiful moral it teaches. If you will do this, you will, indeed, show your love and respect for your noble teacher who, in preaching against hypocritical shams and foolish ceremonies, lost his life."

"Judge, you have called my attention to some points I never thought of before; but in the main I believe in the principles of my creed, and can't help thinking that God hears and answers prayers, whether uttered in the church, in the closet, or at the family altar. Some day when I have more leisure I will come in and show you, as you have shown me, some of the evils and follies of Spiritualism. I thank you for the kind and courteous manner in which you have entertained me."

Then he left me for his meeting, and I have no doubt requested his God to remove the scales from my eyes that I might see my way more clearly.

M. P. ROSECRANS.

## Notes from Cleveland, Ohio.

TO THE EDITOR:—My month's engagement closed here January 31st. The lectures have been well attended and audiences increase with each meeting. The Children's Progressive Lyceum is flourishing finely, after an active existence of over a quarter of a century. I observed that the speaking was very fine, the mottoes most excellent; but the excellence of the calisthenic exercises was particularly noticeable. The lessons to be given the children for the immediate future, as announced by the conductor, were on Physiology and Phrenology, simplified to their capacity to understand. There is also an adult group that take up scientific and philosophical questions. Once in two weeks the lyceum gives a social where music, dancing and a general good time is enjoyed. There is also a society recently started on the west side where I am informed interesting conferences and tests are the order of exercises. To-night I am invited to help them celebrate the birthday anniversary of Thomas Paine, the author-hero of the Revolution. The Spiritualists here are alive to the vital questions of the day, and the opportunity to ask questions after each lecture seems to be thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, as they certainly are by the speaker. I shall return home from here, as I have patients who are waiting for me there. THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the paper here. Everybody is delighted with its broad, untrammelled position. A Spiritual Temple in prospect here, and quite a sum of money pledged for that purpose. I hope it will be carried to a successful issue. It ought to be.

JULIET H. SEVERANCE, M. D.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the only Spiritualist paper sustained on its merits. It does not force into its pages ten or fifteen columns of advertisements, which are of no general interest, but furnishes in their place entertaining reading matter. Aid us by sending in an additional subscriber. Sent 13 weeks for 25 cents.

J. W. Sprott: Your New Revelation should secure you a large addition to your present circulation, and will do it.

## BRIEF LETTERS.

## They Speak the Sentiments of the People.

J. Edward Reed writes: I am much interested in the Order of the Magi and also in the success of your paper, which is doing a good work in exposing corruption in high places, while it teaches those who call themselves Spiritualists to live spiritual lives.

Mrs. Dr. Paine, of Philadelphia, though blind, sends us the following greeting, written by herself on the typewriter: I would not like to do without the paper, and hope you may continue in the good work for a long time to come, and that the friends of Spiritualism will sustain you.

Mrs. Katie Lawhead: I cannot close this without congratulating you on the success attending THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER; long may it wave, with its ever new revelations.

Emily B. Ruggles: May your hands be upheld by all the good and grand workers and thinkers in our ranks.

Mrs. Emma A. Nichols, an excellent medium, formerly of this city: I send the paper as a New Year's gift to a friend of mine. As Mrs. Achash Richardson boards with me, I have her paper to read every week, and prefer to send mine to a friend.

Mrs. B. E. Holcomb: I think the paper better than meat and drink.

C. H. Lewis: Your excellent paper is awakening a great interest here. It seems that a wave of Spiritualism, strong and irresistible, is making itself felt among the people of this vicinity.

A. R. Crisfield: I am in no sense a Spiritualist, but I am a thinker, reader, and learner. You hit the octopus, superstition and orthodoxy just deserving licks, that I must read what you say.

N. D. W. Ainsworth: The best paper of its kind published in the world, and I shall not do without it as long as I can pay for it. Will do all in my power to aid in its circulation.

A. E. Sheets: I cannot tell you how much we appreciate your live paper. It was a surprise, and a most agreeable one. I trust you may be enabled to continue the grand, good work of reform for which you seem so well fitted.

John L. Frisbie: We cannot do without your most excellent and valuable paper, which has become as the morning light in many homes, dispelling mental darkness and shedding a halo of golden light in many a hitherto doubting soul. May God and the angels be with you always.

Mrs. Cora Chatfield: We can hardly wait from one week to the next for the paper. We have had sample copies of the *Better Way*, but think THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is the best.

W. O. Nichols: I want the paper as long as my head and hat are level.

O. G. Richards: I have taken the paper so long and I like it so well that I cannot get along without it.

S. G. Sheffer: I would say that I never received so much good for so little money as in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, although I have been a Spiritualist for 41 years, have helped to organize several spiritual societies, and have taken several spiritual papers; but THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER fills the bill, standing out independent and fearlessly, advocating the eternal truths that live forever.

Mrs. S. M. Chilson: I like the paper better and better—think you have struck the key-note to silence the cabal church clique and make them look at home for the greatest amount of rubbish.

Mrs. F. A. Laney: I have taken your paper for the past six weeks on trial, and I think I can not do without it.

James Jones: I would not have let my paper run out for any consideration, and especially at this time, for my curiosity has been raised to the highest pitch with "What Next," and it suits me exactly.

H. G. Hogendobler: "What Next" just hits me right. I am waiting anxiously for the results, and am glad you have the courage and backbone to stand up and face such infamous liars as T. DeWitt Talmage; for any man making such statements on Spiritualism as he did is a liar.

W. B. Parish: Those in this vicinity who have received your paper are delighted with it. There is no paper like it, or equal to it. It is making hot work for sinners.

Francis Ralph: I value your paper very much. I like its tone, its candid, fearless way of advocating right and truth. You do well to enlighten the people about the Jesuit principles and also in speaking the grand philosophy of Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. K. LaRansier: We are all anxious to have that rabid falsehood-teller, T. DeWitt Talmage, exposed, and the pure members of orthodox churches, who find so much fault with Spiritualism—they themselves being white sepulchres.

Mrs. M. A. Hagley: I think it is the best advocate of Spiritualism and the right principles to advance the human family in general.

W. M. Hayes: I very much like the general "get up" of the paper and the stand you take on matters psychic, mental and material.

C. A. Gaines: Am so glad you have inaugurated such a grand scheme as you propose, "What Next?" It is just the kind of a fight I have been anxious to see for a long time. Go ahead, and carry the war into Africa if necessary, and I believe you will be abundantly sustained.

Chas. H. Fox: I am well pleased with your paper and always anxious to see what comes next.

L. DeForrest: I feel I could not possibly do without it after realizing what the previous year and six weeks' reading of it has done for me.

Nick Becker: It is getting to be a rattler, and I hope it will rattle into 9,000,000,000 homes before many years. We have no society here at Oshkosh, Wis., but we have a number of circles for development and manifestations. Everything looks bright for the future.

Albin Arles: I must tell you that I am very much pleased with your paper, and I am trying to get more to subscribe for it, and will do all I can for you.

Mrs. J. Rogers: I have no language to express how much your sheet doth bless humanity, and will say, go on and still do your duty, and it is sure the result must appear in love and beauty.

C. E. Dowers: I like your paper, and the bold but needed strike you have made; hope it will stop the mouths of such blatant mud-slingers as DeWitt Talmage.

G. L. Bartlett: I think it is a very good paper, the best paper I know of for the money in the country. I hope it will open the eyes of many.

R. R. Field: Have been having your paper on trial and find it so interesting can hardly get along without it.

G. G. Mathews: I hope that you will meet with abundant success in your work. I would not lose a copy for the price of the paper. You can count on me as a subscriber just as long as your paper keeps up to its present standard, and I think it more interesting every week.

Mrs. Ruth A. Sawyer: I think it the most stirring and lively spiritual paper we have ever had.

J. W. Meek: I like your paper very much and hope it will have a long life and a happy one.

## TEACHING BIRDS.

ITS SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—There is something grand in music. As suggested by the New York *Sun*, to think of music lessons for a bird seems rather odd, for song is nature's gift to the feathered folk. Undoubtedly a bird hatched in solitude, and never allowed to hear the voices of his kind, would express his emotions in some sort of musical fashion. But as a matter of fact, many, perhaps all, birds are taught to sing. The American robin and the whip-poor-will teach their young ones. In both these cases the old bird sings his full song and waits while the little one with more or less success imitates it. Over and over the parent repeats the notes and the infant tries to copy them. These are the native teachers; but birds destined for parlor musicians, as the bullfinch and some others, have human teachers, when their music lessons are as regular and their instructors are as painstaking as the professors who teach our daughters.

The canary, our most familiar household companion, is usually imitative and intelligent, and a wonderful capacity for song dwells within its tiny frame.

There are three distinct ways in which a bird may receive a musical education. He may be taught to sing our tunes, opera airs, or negro melodies, as is generally done with the bullfinch; or, secondly, he may be instructed in the notes of another bird, as a lark or a robin, or thirdly, his capacity may be developed, his powers of voice cultivated, and his song remain the canary song through all. The learning time in a canary's life is from five or six months old to a year, and the owner of one of these little folks must make her choice of methods and begin in time. In the first place, she must see that her pupil is in robust health and good spirits. To insure that he shall have capacity some persons recommend that he shall have peculiar training from the nest, to keep the muscular body flexible, since he cannot be taught to expand the chest by deep breathing.

A seed diet gives the muscles compactness; therefore, according to this system, seeds should not be the principal diet until he "graduates," but a soft food of hard boiled egg grated with cracker or bread, and boiled in milk to the consistency of stiff paste. Some seed may be added, and this may be varied by bread and crackers and milk, and grated egg, or a little lean beef chopped very fine. He should have variety of food and plenty of it, for he is growing and must be well nourished. It is good also to let him fly about, for this helps to expand the chest.

Now to teach him. If he is to sing "Annie Laurie" or "The Last Rose of Summer," he must be placed in a quiet room with the cage covered. Then a few notes of the chosen air should be whistled or played on some instrument—flute, bird organ or piano. They must be played slowly and distinctly, in correct time, and over and over till the bird begins to try it himself. He must not see the teacher, nor near the least noise to distract his attention from the notes so constantly repeated. The instructor may have to spend hours, it may be twelve, before the bird learns his lesson, but he must persist in reiterating those few notes and no others till the pupil repeats them. When he sings his notes he should be rewarded with something he likes, for one a bit of food, for another a little praise.

No matter how well the bird has learned his artificial song, he will forget it the first time he moults, unless it is carefully repeated to him every day while he is moulting.

If the bird's owner wishes her canary to sing like a lark or robin, she must put him under native instruction. He is to be placed, with his cage covered closely, in a room alone with his teacher, whose cage is in a light, sunny window. The lark sings for his own pleasure, and the canary, in its darkened cage, forced to pay attention to it, learns to imitate it. One man, who kept a large number of canaries, tells of having one of them trained by a wild English robin. Her cage—for it was a female a year old—hung alone near the window, outside which was the robin's favorite singing perch. The cage was uncovered, for he never thought of training her, and for weeks she uttered no sound, but listened and looked at the singing bird, and one day she surprised her master by giving the robin song perfectly. Treated in the way described a canary will learn to imitate almost any bird.

The third method, and the most natural, is to have the young bird trained by a fine singer of his own family—a canary—and all that is needed to do is to keep the young one during the learning period in the room with the fine singer alone, when he will follow his copy so far as his powers allow.

The things to remember are that he should not be disturbed by other sounds, especially other singing, and that he learns more quickly if his cage is covered, so that his attention may not be distracted by seeing anything.

One caution should be heeded. However annoying or untimely a bird's song may be, he should never be stopped by violence, throwing something at him, scolding or striking the cage. These little creatures are exceedingly sensitive, and they are by terror sometimes thrown into an epileptic fit, and occasionally killed. If too noisy, his cage should be quietly covered, while a kind word is spoken to sweeten the imprisonment in darkness which he must suffer that his mistress may talk.

There is something grand and beautiful in the thought that a bird can be taught to sing. The very idea is exhilarating and refining to one's nature to be brought in close contact with the animal kingdom, and realize that even birds can be taught to imitate our most beautiful songs; it is spiritualizing in its tendency, and brings us nearer to God and the angel world. You who are brutal to animals are brutal in nature.

B. MERCIFUL.

James Leach: Your paper is the best and also the most interesting I read. How you can give your readers so much reading matter for one dollar is beyond my comprehension.

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## CAN MONKEYS TALK?

## What Relation Are We to Them?

It is a question that is still being argued before the intelligence of the world, whether the monkey is on his way to humanhood, or whether he lost his first estate and has been descending; with a strong possibility of retracing his steps, in future ages, on the opposite side of the cycle; or a still direr possibility of sinking lower and lower, until the body having lost its link of connection with the spiritual potency that must lie behind all personality, fades into the dissolving conditions of illusion. In this latter contingency, sometime in the future the monkey will become an extinct animal, even as the dodo and some other animals have become unknown.

It is not necessary to repeat the arguments of Darwin and his school, who think they have traced the man, as the crowning work of evolution, from the atomic germ of the protoplasm, and are anxiously seeking the "missing link," which, like the secret of perpetual motion, constantly eludes its searchers.

Over against the modern school of evolution is the assertion of the occultists, that the monkeys are but the re-embodiments of the mindless races, in whom the pitris or spirits refused to incarnate. It certainly is reasonable to suppose that there has always been an up and down for man. Starting from any given point, if he has unfolded and developed, we know he has also descended. Is there any limit to his descent? It does not take long to make a Digger Indian, or an Australian bushman out of a white man. A civilized man grows wild very fast when he is released from restraining influences. Is it not true that the spirit builds the body through the soul force? If that soul force comes out of the lowest, coarsest vibrations, then the body will quickly and readily respond.

Granting the conditions supposed, then there must be a difference in the monkey tribes, representing the phases familiar to ourselves. We find this is true, and it is very forcibly brought out in the following description of the apes of Borneo, by Prof. Henry A. Ward, the famous natural science collector of Rochester:

"That great island is the home of the orang, which is the most arboreal of all monkeys. The animals live in trees altogether, rarely, if ever, visiting the ground. It takes two good marksmen to shoot one, because they dodge around the trunks. They do all their fighting aloft, and it is great fun to see them drop the armfuls of fruit they have gathered in contests for its possession. They are plentiful in the lowlands near the coast. It is rarely that anybody ventures into the interior, because there the head-hunting natives prowl. Among them each man is required to have secured a head before he is permitted to marry, and on this account the young gentlemen savages are continually looking about for some one to kill. This makes traveling disagreeable.

"One of the most noticeable features of the landscape of Borneo is the nests of orangs which are scattered about thickly among the tall trees. From their number one might get a greatly exaggerated impression of the plentifulness of the species, unless it were understood how and for what purpose these roosting places were constructed. The beasts are greatly annoyed by flies, from which they are able to protect the front part of their bodies with their hands, but they cannot keep the vicious insects from biting them in the rear, and so they gather a quantity of leaves and branches and make them into couches to repose against among the boughs.

"A protection of this sort serves very well for a while, but presently its material begins to decompose, and the decaying leaves attract the flies which the orang is so anxious to get rid of. Then he is obliged to make another nest of fresh stuff, and so he may require dozens of them in the course of a year. Inasmuch as he does not take the trouble to remove the old ones, they remain to adorn the tree-top in which he swings about.

"Orangs have a very curious method of fighting. In their conflicts among themselves, which are frequent, their effort is always to seize the fingers of their adversaries and bite them. A very beautiful group of these animals at the National Museum, mounted by Mr. Hornaday, admirably illustrates a typical encounter of the sort. It is owing to this method of battle that it is almost impossible to procure a skin which does not lack some of the fingers. In defending itself against a man, the beast will always attempt to grab the arms of his human opponent so as to chew off his fingers. For this purpose its jaw is excellently adapted, being enormously powerful and equipped with huge incisors.

"The favorite food of the orang is the 'durion' fruit, which is, perhaps, the most delicious in the world, uniting, as it does, the flavors of the peach, the pear, and the strawberry. Like most things nearly perfect, however, this fruit has a drawback—namely, that it leaves a taste in the mouth the next day after it is eaten which is more abominable than can either be described or conceived. To protect itself from the rain the orang crooks its arm over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch when the attitude I have described is assumed.

"The other great ape which makes his home in Borneo is the gibbon, which is a small animal compared with the orang, weighing only about forty or fifty pounds. It is very frail in its bodily makeup. The head is set squarely upon the shoulders, and it looks upward. When walking on the ground it balances itself along like a walker on the tight-rope. Its remarkable power of grasp and dexterity in using its hands is, equally with the shape of its cranium, an index of its superior intelligence, perhaps because it is able to take hold of a greater number of things and examine them. The gibbon is a natural acrobat.



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"The animals go in droves, whereas orangs live by families, and one of the most interesting spectacles imaginable is to see a troop of them crossing a great gap in the forest by throwing themselves in succession through the air, each one taking a swing or two to gather momentum before launching himself. So great is their agility that in executing feats of this sort they seem like birds.

"Natives in the countries inhabited by great apes regard them always as human beings of inferior types, and it is for this reason that for a long time it was found impossible to get hold of an entire gorilla skin, because the savages considered it religiously necessary to cut off the hands and feet of the animals when they killed them, just as they do with their enemies, possibly for the purpose of rendering them harmless in case they should by any chance come to life again."

This suggests another point, and that is, how much the influence of the thought currents of the universe have to do in restraining the rapidity of the monkey's descent, or the possibility of his advancement from degradation. We have testimony that in captivity he is more or less influenced by the actions of those about him, and, of course, must also be moved by the thought which becomes act. Of this condition, a correspondent of the Boston Herald gives an amusing account:

"As I was lingering before the monkey cage in the Dresden Zoological Garden a slight tickling in the throat, a chronic trouble with me, induced me to take out of my pocket a box of bronchial troches and to put one of them in my mouth. Instantly a large monkey, of manifestly aspiring nature, thrust out his hairy arm and palm with a beseeching look that I would give him one. Why should he, too, not be allowed to enlarge his terrestrial experience and share the joys of the superior being before him? So I gave him the troche. Scarcely did the bitter taste strike him than he snatched it out with his fingers and began rubbing it violently on the hair of his arm, as if to rub off the bad taste. Seeing, however, that the superior being continued to suck his troche serenely, he soon put his own back in his chops, to give it a fuller trial. It proved too much for him to stand very long, and so he pulled it out a second time and began rubbing it on the sandy floor of the cage. Over and over the process was repeated; but each time, as his reverential eye fell on the superior being outside still peacefully sucking his own, a reflective expression came over his face, which as much as said: 'Surely, if that manifest god out there enjoys this nasty thing there must be some desirable quality in it that I am not developed enough to appreciate.' So, patiently, the aspiring simian went on until he had dissolved the last particle of his troche."

In support of the position that a man need not be very long in descending to the plane of the monkey, we find the following curious statement made in the San Francisco Examiner:

"A mysterious individual haunts Woodward's Gardens, to whom is attributed the gift of conversing with monkeys in their own language. He is a little old man who has seen about three-score years and ten, but as he is always alone and speaks to no one, very little is known about him.

"For nearly a year past the old gentleman has daily visited that former popular resort, deposited the entrance fee, and, as quickly as his feeble health will allow and with eagerness depicted on his seamed and weather-beaten countenance, proceeds at once to the monkey cage.

"The monkeys recognize him and set up a chattering and howling that would grate on a sensitive person's nerves, but the old man does not mind it a bit. He enjoys it, and beams on the quadrumana that make every effort to reach him through the iron bars with an expression that would lead one to think that his soul was wrapped up in them.

"Finally the noise subsides and the old man gazes into a dozen comical expectant faces pressed against the bars, with twenty-four bright eyes looking at him, and utters a few guttural sounds that astonish and please the monkeys. He perfectly imitates the sounds of most of them, and all arrange themselves in a semicircle and with great seriousness listen to all he has to say. Sometimes his tone is serious, when all the monkeys put on a very abject expression and look as sorrowful as a monkey can.

"Then again, when the tones are different,

the monkeys will dance about with every evidence of delight and all begin to jabber at once until the old man points his finger at one of the largest. All remain quiet while he seemingly carries on a conversation with one of the older ones, imitating all the grimaces and actions of a monkey as well as any human being could.

"Sometimes the conversation lasts an hour or more, when the little man bids his friends adieu until the morrow.

"It is said by some that the little man was once a sea captain whose crew was murdered by the natives on the coast of Brazil, and he made his escape to the forests of the interior with no companions but the monkeys for many months, and subsisted entirely on the wild fruits and other food berries that he could gather.

"It is supposed that he obtained some knowledge of their method of communication during the months of his enforced residence in the wilderness that enables him to engage the attention of the monkeys at Woodward's Gardens.

"When accosted the old man will not reply, and his mysterious behavior is a source of much comment."

It has been approximately demonstrated that the monkeys have a language which they understand when spoken amongst themselves, and which can be learned by man. It appears that the coarser rudimentary part of the organs of speech are the only ones utilized in this dialect. But it would seem that it could not be far removed from the ancient Hebrew, or the Welsh consonant sounds of the present day. On this branch of the subject we quote below the most exhaustive record of experiment we have seen, an article by R. S. Garner, published in the New York Herald.

I have long believed that each sound uttered by an animal had a meaning which any other animal of the same kind would interpret at once. Some seven years ago, in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, I was deeply impressed by the conduct of a number of monkeys caged with a savage rib-nosed mandril, which they seemed to fear very much. The cage was divided by a wall through which was a small doorway leading from the inner to an outer compartment, in which was a tall upright, supporting a platform at its top. Every movement of this mandril seemed to be closely watched by the monkeys that could see him and instantly reported to those in the other compartment. The conduct of these monkeys so confirmed my belief and inspired me with new hopes and new zeal that I believed "the key of the secret chamber" was within my grasp. I regarded the task of learning the monkey tongue as very much the same as learning that of a strange race of mankind; more difficult in the degree of its inferiority, but less in volume.

Year by year as new ideas were revealed to me new barriers arose and I began to realize how great a task was mine. One difficulty was to utter the sounds I heard, another was to recall them, and yet another was to translate them. Impelled by an eternal hope and not discouraged by poor success, I continued my studies as best I could in the gardens of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and Chicago, and with such specimens as I could find with the traveling menagerie, museum or hand-organ, or aboard some ship, or kept as a pet in some family. They have all aided in teaching me the little I know of their native tongues.

But at last came a revelation! A new idea dawned upon me, and after wrestling half a night with it, I felt assured of ultimate success.

I went to Washington and called on Dr. Frank Baker, director of the National Zoological Garden, and proposed the novel experiment of acting as interpreter between two monkeys. Of course he laughed, but not in derision or in doubt, as scientific men are always credulous and believe all they are told. I then explained to him how it was possible, and he quite agreed with me. We set the time and prepared for the work. The plan was quite simple.

We separated two monkeys which had been caged together, and placed them in separate rooms. I then arranged a phonograph near the cage of the female and caused her to utter a few sounds, which were recorded on the cylinder. The machine was then placed near the cage containing the male, and the record repeated to him and his conduct closely studied. The surprise and perplexity of the male were evident.

He traced the sounds to the horn from which they came, and failing to find his mate he thrust his hand and arm into the horn quite up to his shoulder, withdrew it, and peeped into the horn again and again. He would then retreat and again cautiously approach the horn, which he examined with evident interest.

The expressions of his face were indeed a study. Having satisfied myself that he recognized the sounds as those of his mate, I next proceeded to record some of his efforts, but my success was not fully up to my hopes. Yet I had secured from him enough to win the attention of his mate, and elicit from her some signs of recognition.

And thus, for the first time in the history of philology, the simian tongue was reduced to record. My belief was now confirmed and the faith of others strengthened. I noted some of the defects in my experiments and provided against them for the future.

Some weeks later, in the Chicago Zoological Garden, I made some splendid phonographic records; and thence I went to the Cincinnati Garden, where I secured, among others, a fine, distinct record of the two chimpanzees, all of which I brought home with me for study.

I placed them on the machine and repeated them over and over, until I became quite familiar with the sounds and improved myself very much in my efforts to utter them. I returned to Cincinnati and Chicago some weeks later and tried my skill as a linguist with a degree of success far beyond my wildest hopes.

Having described to some friends who were with me the word I would use, I stood for awhile with my side turned to the cage containing a capuchin monkey (*Cebus capucinus*). I uttered the word or sound which I had translated "milk."

My first effort caught his ear and caused him to turn and look at me. On repeating it some three or four times he answered me distinctly with the same word I had used, and then turned to a small pan kept in the cage for him to drink from.

I repeated the word again and he placed the pan near the front of the cage and came quite up to the bars and uttered the word. I had not shown him any milk or anything of the kind. But the man in charge then brought me some milk, which I gave to him, and he drank it with great zest, then looked at me, held up the pan, and repeated the sound some three or four times. I gave him more milk and thus continued till I was quite sure he used the same sound each time he wanted milk.

I next described to the friends who were with me a word which was hard to render well, but I translated it "to eat." I now held a banana in front of the cage and he at once gave the word I had described. Repeated tests showed to me that he used the same word for apple, carrot, bread and banana, hence I concluded it meant "food" or "hunger," as also "to eat."

After this I began on a word which I had interpreted "pain," or "sick," and with such result as made me feel quite sure I was not far from right. My next word was "weather," or "storm," and while the idea may seem far fetched, I felt fairly well sustained by my tests. For many other words I had a vague idea of a meaning and still believe that I can verify them in the end.

These are only a few of many trials I have made to solve the problem of the simian tongue, and while I have gone only a step, as it were, I believe that I have found a clew to the great secret of speech and pointed out the way which leads to its solution.

My work has been confined chiefly to the capuchin monkey, because he seems to have one of the best defined languages of any of his genus, besides being less vicious and more willing to treat one civilly.

So far as I have seen the capuchin is the Caucasian of the monkey race. The chimpanzee has a strong but monotonous voice confined to a small range of sounds, but affords a fine study while in the act of talking. I have not gone far enough with him as yet to give much detail of his language. There are only three in America now, and they talk but little and are hard to record.

I have recorded but one sound made by a sooty monkey, three by a mandril, five by the white-faced sapsajon, and a few of less value. But from the best proof I have found I have arrived, as I believe, at some strange facts which I shall here state.

1. The simian tongue has about eight or nine sounds, which may be changed by modu-

lation into three or four times that number.

2. They seem to be half way between a whistle and a pure vocal sound and have a range of four octaves, and so far as I have tried they all chord with F sharp on the piano.

3. The sound used most is very much like "u" "oo" in shoot. The next one something like "e" in "be." So far I find no a, i, or o.

4. Faint traces of consonant sounds can be found in words of low pitch, but they are few and quite feeble; but I have had cause to believe that they develop in a small degree by a change of environment.

5. The present state of their speech has been reached by development from a lower form.

6. Each race or kind has its own peculiar tongue, slightly shaded into dialects, and the radical or cardinal sounds do not have the same meaning in all tongues.

7. The words are monosyllabic, ambiguous, and collective, having no negative terms except resentment.

8. The phonic character of their speech is very much the same as that of children in their early efforts to talk, except as regards the pitch.

9. Their language seems to obey the same laws of change and growth as human speech.

10. When caged together one monkey will learn to understand the language of another kind, but does not try to speak it. His replies are in his own vernacular.

11. They use their lips in talking in very much the same way that men do, but seldom speak when alone or when not necessary.

12. I think their speech, compared to their physical, their mental and social state, is in about the same relative condition as that of man by the same standard.

13. The more fixed and pronounced the social and gregarious instincts are in any species the higher the type of its speech.

14. Simians reason from cause to effect, and their reasoning differs from that of man in degree, but not in kind.

To reason they must think, and if it be true that man cannot think without words, it must be true of monkeys; hence they must formulate those thoughts into words, and words are the natural exponents of thoughts.

15. Words are the audible and signs the visible expression of thought, and any voluntary sound made by the vocal organs with a constant meaning is a word.

16. The state of their language seems to correspond with their power to think and to express their thoughts.

If the races of mankind may be the progeny of the simian stock, may not their language be the progeny of the simian tongue?

Mr. Garner has continued his experiments quite at length, and the facts seem to strongly demonstrate that the monkey is a degraded human form, the outcome of brutal and earth-bound thoughts. He has also established the fact that there is a distinct articulation which other animals do not possess in their communicating sounds. There is another line of investigation and that is to ascertain if, under training, monkey-speech would become more definite and easily understood. We think there is a record of a trained ape who had been taught to speak a few words in a human dialect, but cannot place our hands upon it. Perhaps some of the readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER can help me out.

W. P. PHILON, M. D.

### Thanks from Mrs. Anna Lord Chamberlain.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I thank you most gratefully, one and all, for your kind response to the Testimonial started by the editor of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. As soon as possible I shall write those who have requested to hear from me, but ask them to be patient, as my dear old mother is still sick in bed and requiring attention; and father weak and feeble—it is hard work for him to get about the house, even with two canes. Please accept the grateful thanks of myself and my aged parents. ANNA LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Mattapan, Mass., Jan. 31, '92.

### Of Life and Death.

We talked of life and death. She said: "Whichever of us two first dies, Shall come back from among the dead And teach his friends these mysteries."

She died last night and all this day I swear that things of every kind Are trying, trying to convey Some message to my troubled mind.

I looked up from my tears erewhile; That white rose dying in the cup Was gazing at me with her smile, It blushed her blush as I looked up.

It paled then with an agony Of effort to tell to me aught That would, I think, bring peace to me Could I but guess; and I cannot.

And when the wind rose at my door, It clamored with a plaintive din, Like some poor creature begging sore To be let in; I let it in.

It blew my light out; 'round my head It whirled, and swiftly in my ear Had whispered something ere it fled; It had her voice, so low, so dear.

The looking-glass this livelong day Has worn that curious, meaning air; I feel it, when I look away, Reflecting things that are not there.

For hours no breath of wind has stirred, Yet bend the lamp's flame as if fanned; The clock says o'er and o'er a word, But I I cannot understand!

—World-Herald.

Thomas A. Edison's father, a tall, erect old man of 88, is said to bear a striking physical resemblance to Mr. Blaine. The son bears a resemblance to the Secretary, too, but it is in brains rather than in body.

Mrs. Lynda A. Dent is the first woman to be admitted to the bar in Florida. The code of ethics excluding women from the profession was almost an ironclad one, but she not only made a dent in it but went in with it.



